

THE CONSTITUTION.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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THE CONSTELLATION.

SUMMER PASTIMES.

BY CRECENTIUS CROCUS.

What a thousand ways are there to kill time in the summer. Thanks to the invention of steam-boats and the North river, we have only to jump on board the former and to sail up the latter, land at one of the beautiful villages on its margin—at West Point, at Hyde Park, or Catskill—and we have the choicest opportunity in the world to kill time;—to kill it not by one fell swoop, one murderous blow of the sword or tomahawk, but by a gentle letting of the blood, as if sucked from the veins by sleeping infants, by stingless asps, or by the latest patent cupping machine.

Suppose, reader, as the thermometer is at ninety, and I know you have not had a breath of fresh air these two months,—at least I have not, except what I stole at Hoboken the other Sunday; and you, I know, do not indulge in such larcenies on Sunday—suppose we step on board one of these same fire-and-water boats and steam it awhile up river? Come, take a dicky with you, and Harpers' last novel, if you are of the one sex; if of the other, provide yourself with a fresh set of elastic curls, and a few other et ceteras, to make your toilet withal, and I dare say we shall get along very comfortably. I hate your packing up of trunks, band-boxes and portmanteaus, when you are only to make a short excursion, or are merely going a pleasureing. It is a real damper upon pleasure—upon comfort—upon social feeling—upon body and mind, these same accompaniments of a man's travels—they are hindrances and impediments to his movements, worse than the baggage to an army—so, sweet reader, leave your band-boxes at home, and we shall get along all the better without them.

Here is a boat load of people—men, women, and children—dogs, parrots and monkeys—all going a pleasureing, just as we are. Never mind, we must pay for pleasure—not in dollars and cents merely—we must suffer for fashion, for 'tis all the fashion to take a steam-boat excursion on the Hudson—it would be quite gothic to remain in the city all summer—by the bye, what a frequent use of the epithet *doric*, our friend Paulding makes in his last novel—but never mind—it is too hot to stop talking by the fireside, or about it—so let me hand you on board, Miss,—be careful how you step—I would not for the world have you fall—there would be little of the romantic in tumbling into this dirty dock-water—at least, Miss, (*aside*) I should not care to plunge in after you in my nankeens. Ahem! there, there, you are safe on board now—take my arm and we will elbow our way to the promenade deck.

"Why, I declare now, what a jam! more excessive if possible than at Madame Parachute's grand fancy ball last winter—and, pah! (*with a loss of the head*,) the company is so mixed!"

Yes, Miss, the company, as you observe, is mixed. The truth is, there is no such nondescript in our waters as a good society steam-boat—the thing wouldn't go down at all—we are too republican for that.

"So I perceive, sir."

And, by the bye, these same steam-boats are as great levellers of distinction as even church-yards. Here your man-mountain sinks down into quite a passable hill, and your woman-mountain is suffered to take no airs to herself without exciting ridicule.

"You mean to hint, then, dear sir, that I must mind my P's and Q's, and not play the exquisitess. Well, I will try, but really, it is so provoking to meet one's milliner or head-dresser. Pon honor, (*raising her glass*,) that there is not Mademoiselle Piroquette, the little French woman who dresses heads—just see what airs she is taking to herself, and yet I—poor I—must stand as motionless as a statue, and not play the amiable at all."

Exactly so. You, Miss, are a lady of too good sense, I trust, to expose yourself to the rude stare of strangers—you should not—I know you would not—be ambitious of exciting observation in a

crowd. Some ladies hold a different opinion, and seem to take marvellous delight in attracting attention, and to do this they play off tricks more ludicrous than those of a monkey.

"Scandal—scandal—I will listen no longer to such perverse sentiments. Pray spare your wit, or exercise it in some more profitable—not to say agreeable—manner."

Well, Miss, I will endeavor to please you—but let me entreat you to keep cool. Surely this fine breeze, as we cut through the water, is enough to keep any one cool—even a salamander. For my part, I know of no pleasure—saying that of your sweet company—half so soothing, so refreshing, so entrancing, as to feel the cool breath of heaven kissing your forehead. Allow me to remove your hat, Miss, and I will repeat you some lines from the Spanish, apposito to the subject.

Blow light, thou balmy air,
My lady's couch above,
Blow lightly there, ye winds, and spare
The slumbers of my love.
Let no rude blast be found
To mar her gentle sleep;
But all around, a dreamy sound
And drowsy murmur keep.
O fly! thou balmy air,
And by her couch remain;
Go blend thee with her breath, and bear
Its balm to me again.
But lightly go, and gently blow—
Blow softly as my strain.
Blow gently, do not break
The stillness of her sleep;
I would not make my love awake,
Nor raise those lids to weep.
Ye winds that born in happier hour,
May waken as you will,
If round her bower ye have the power
To creep and murmur still,
O lightly go, and gently blow,
And let her slumber still.

"Beautiful—most beautiful—and while I think of it, you must promise me to inscribe these lines in my album."

Excuse me, Miss, I never write in albums. I once wrote in one, and the lady took all the pretty things I said in it—not but that I think you would be entitled to them—to herself.

"Pray, what was the subject of your effusion, that it should produce so singular an effect?"

Oh, it was all about love, Miss—you know one is expected to say something about *that*—and blue eyes, and killing smiles, and all that sort of thing—I had a narrow escape of it. Dangerous business—quite dangerous, to write in young ladies' albums!

"But I promise, sir, there is no man-trap set in my album, if you are under any apprehension of being caught."

Well, I will think of it. But I am not quite sure that you would not prefer something original—suppose I should indite a sonnet to that Albany sloop, or a sturgeon, or Saint Anthony's nose?

"You may spare your muse, sir, till we get among the Highlands. Then I shall expect you to woo her in such witching strains as to call down the Nyades and Dryades from the mountain tops."

In plain English, to frighten all the owls and crows that are roosting there. To confess the truth, Miss, I have no taste for such mischief-making; besides, there is no music in my soul, or at least it never pops off in songs or sonnets—screnades or semiquavers.

"Indeed!"

Aye, indeed. If you have doubts on the subject I will tip you a stave of an old college song—I had to learn one—and when knocked down for a song, always sung this.

"I take your word for it, sir—but see, we are now passing some delightful scenery—the palisades you have missed entirely."

True, true—I was looking all the while at your own beautiful face—there are more beauties of nature besides the palisades. That little village embosomed in you dingy is really very pretty. How beautifully the tall elms lift up their heads over the white cottages. They remind me of a white beaver decorated with green nodding plumes, or a loaf of frosted cake planted with box.

"You are growing poetical, sir, with a vengeance. But turn to the opposite shore, to the golden west—where the sun is sinking to his repose.—What painter can catch those varying hues, which he, the master painter of nature throws upon yon clouds? There is no art, no study, no laboured design in his works—all is simple, and graceful, and beautiful. How rich and how glowing is the coloring he imparts! Now yon clouds hang like a rich crimson curtain, fold upon fold—now they take the form of a landscape, with light and shade

spread over its face—now the scene changes, and a pile of ruins rises to view—tall arches, broken columns, and ivy-crowned walls and now—"eyes look your last"—now his disk reaches the horizon—now, he is half gone—and now—good night, sun, good night, good night!"

I see, Miss, you are an admirer of nature; I, too, have in boyhood dwelt amid scenes as beautiful and soul-inspiring as these; and then—ah, happy then!—I could offer up my adorations at nature's shrine with feelings keenly alive to its beauties. Often, when harassed with the perplexities and turmoils of a city life, often do I think over those true and touching lines by an old poet:

Oh! what is the gain of restless care,
And what is ambition's treasure,
And what are the joys the modish share
In their haunts of sickly pleasure,
The shade with its silence—oh! it is not sweet,
And lo! in the sun by the fountain,
And the wild flowers seem at eve to meet,
And to rove on the heath and the mountain.

Oh! where is the morning seen to rise,
The violet marked as 'tis springing,
The zephyr heard as at eve it sighs,
The blackbird loved for its singing;
Oh! there alone can the heart be gay,
The thought free from sorrow,
And short the night and short the day,
And welcome again the morrow.

"And whose sweet poetry, sir, may this be?
Halleck's, Bryant's or Willis's?"

Neither—it is an old morecan, by one of the old English poets: Smith I think, is his name; and such strains as his might well be placed at the side of old Izaak Walton's prose.

"I have heard there is poetry in his prose, and of the sweetest description. Pray, sir, can you not quote a sentence from the venerable angler?"

I have only one at present in my recollection, and that is suggested by yonder clump of forest trees. Old Izaak, while walking out with his companion, and conversing on whatever subject presented itself, as we are now conversing, thus speaks: "Look! under that broad beach tree I sat down when I was last this way a fishing; and the birds in the adjoining grove seemed to have a friendly contention, with an echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow tree near to the brow of that primrose hill." But hark, the supper bell sounds—shall I accompany you back to the cabin?

"Don't name it—don't name it—the cabin is a perfect vapour-bath; we will remain on deck—we will feed on air and sip the dew. The shades of evening are gathered around us—the stars glimmer thickly in the skies, and the fire-fly is twinkling through the foliage—can any thing be half so beautiful as the bright gems which seem to be falling among the trees?"

Yes, Miss, I think this shower of sparks that is falling far over our heads—first rising like a stream of fire, and then descending in a broad halo of glory, and illumining the waters as it falls—I think this is a sight unhonored and unsung, only from its being an every day occurrence.

"I never could endure the sparks, sir, since one fell upon my new dress—accidents like these distract wonderfully from my ideas of the beautiful. But is not that the light at West Point? if so, I must prepare for disembarking."

Well, Miss, as you brought no band-box with you, it will cost but little trouble. In the mean time, while you are making your toilet, I will walk on the forward deck and take a segar.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

From the Boston Sentinel of 1777, by THOMAS SWAUGUN, an Oneida Indian and a Missionary Person.

An Indian that liv'd in Oneida remote
Was plagu'd by a person to join his dear flock,
To throw off his blanket and put on a coat,
And no longer at churches or persons to mock.

A long time the Indian resisted, besire,
He prefer'd to their preaching his fishing and
fowling;
He could not the sight of a meeting endure,
And their singing to him was no better than
howling.

However, by teasing and constant harassing,
Poor Swaugun was brought to attend in the church.
Where knowledge by preaching was ever amassing,
And the Devil as usual was left in the lurch.

One day as the Parson was speaking of heaven,
And describing the beautiful things of the place;
The Indian, in part of the TALK to be even,
Stop'd the minister short in the midst of his
race.

Said he, Mr. Parson, the place that you talk of
Pray what is it like—or what have you got?
Have they venison and ruay—if so, I'll stalk off
And fix myself down in some bleautiful spot.

Poh! you fool, said the Parson, no such things are
there:

Why heaven, poor creature, is just like our meet-
ing;

There's nothing but singing, and preaching and
prayer;

They've nothing to do with drinking or eating

But the doors are lock'd up against folks that are
wicked;

Few Indians, dear Thomas, do ever get there;
A life of contrition must purchase the ticket,

And few of you Indians can buy it, I fear.

Well then, said the Indian, good-by Mr. Doctor;
In such way of living no pleasure I'd feel;

What nonsense it is to be keeping a lock'd door

Where there's nothing to eat and there's nothing
to steal.

From the Stirling Journal.

THE LIGHT OF FRUIN.

The sun on the billow

In glory reposes,

And his watery pillow

Is garnish'd with roses;

The cloud of the twilight

It's dew drops are strewing,

It will chill my young Flora

The light of Glen Fruin.

Away, by the cottage

That stands 'neath the mountain

Away, by the dark pine

That nods o'er the fountain,

On the banks of the streamlet,

That girdles you ruin—

I'll meet my young Flora

The light of Glen Fruin.

Thou maid of the mountain,

I love thee—how well

My love-burning eye

And my pale cheek can tell;

I must love thee forever,

Though 'twere my undoing,

The pride of the hamlet,

Thou light of Glen Fruin.

By the soft beaming ray

That gleams from those eyes,

By that love blushing cheek,

By those murmuring sighs,

By the bright tear of rapture

Those eye-lashes dewing,

Thou art mine—thou are mine—

Dearest maid of Glen Fruin.

Old Quix, the celebrated comedian, and almost the best of that favorite school which could name Edwin, Parsus, Bannister, Lee and Munden among its members lived to a great age—like Fontenelle, he used to say that death seemed to have forgotten him.

Shenstone was anxious to thank his fathers that they had given him a name incapable of a pun; though he would have probably thought his escape of no great value if he had seen the rhyme, that labelled it in the Frenchman's garden at Ermenonville—

"Under this plain stone,

Lies William Shen-stone."

But Quick must have been a martyr from his earliest youth. Through life he was persecuted by pun shooting, and the persecution has not even spared him in his grave. We will only aid and abet in one instance in giving further publicity to the effusions of a wit, in the London Sunday Times.

On the death of Mr. Quick, aged 83—in 1831.

Death pens'd so long before he struck the blow,
His motions, while approaching Quick seem'd slow;
At last victorious o'er mirth's favorite son,
The world seem'd ended—Quick and Dead are one.

On Pulpit Ostentation. How little must the presence of God be felt in that place where the high functions of the pulpit are degraded into a stipulated exchange of entertainment on the one side, and of admiration on the other; and surely, it were a sight to make angels weep when a weak and vaporing mortal, surrounded by his fellow sinners, and hastening to the grave and the judgment along with them, finds it a dearer object to his bosom, to regale his hearers by the exhibition of himself, than to do in plain earnest the work of his Master, and urge on the business of repentance and of faith by the impressive simplicities of the gospel.

Dr. Chalmers.

A RIDDLE.

P H M

K O M

These letters in their proper place,

Will show the world and thee;

A cause of sorrow and disgrace,

And source of mystery.

The above will be explained by folding the upper line partly over the lower line of capitals.

MISCELLANY.

From the *Courier and Enquirer*.

THE LAST MOMENTS OF WASHINGTON.

The following circumstantial account of the last illness of Gen. George Washington, was noted by Tobias Lear, on Sunday following his death, which happened on Saturday evening, December 14th, 1799, between the hours of ten and eleven: he was born on the 22d February, 1732.

"On Thursday, December 12th, the General rode out to his farms at about ten o'clock, and did not return till twenty minutes past three. Soon after he went out, the weather became very bad; rain, hail and snow falling alternately, with a cold wind. When he came in, I carried some letters to him to frank, intending to send them to the post office. He franked the letters, but said the weather was too bad to send a servant to the office that evening. I observed to him that I was afraid he had got wet; he said no—his great-coat had kept him dry; but his neck appeared to be wet—the snow was hanging to his hair.

He came to dinner without changing his dress. In the evening he appeared as well as usual. A heavy fall of snow took place on Friday, which prevented the General from riding out as usual. He had taken cold, (undoubtedly from being so much exposed the day before,) and complained of having a sore throat; he had a hoarseness, which increased in the evening, but he made light of it, as he would never take any thing to carry off a cold,—always observing, "let it go as it came." In the evening, the papers having come from the post office, he sat in the room, with Mrs. Washington and myself, reading them, till about nine o'clock; and when he met with any thing which he thought diverting or interesting, he would read it aloud. He desired me to read him the debates of the Virginia Assembly, on the election of a Senator and Governor, which I did. On his retiring to bed, he appeared to be in perfect health, except the cold, which he considered as trifling—he had been remarkably cheerful all the evening.

About two or three o'clock on Saturday morning, he awoke Mrs. Washington, and informed her he was very unwell, and had an ague. She observed that he could scarcely speak, and breathed with difficulty, and she wished to get up and call a servant; but the General would not permit her, lest she should take cold. As soon as the day appeared, the woman Caroline went into the room to make a fire, and the girl desired that Rawlins, one of the overseers, who was used to bleeding the people, might be sent for to bleed him before the Doctor could arrive. I was sent for—went to the General's chamber, where Mrs. W. was up, and related to me his being taken ill between 2 and 3 o'clock, as before stated.—I found him breathing with difficulty, and hardly able to utter a word intelligibly. I went out instantly and wrote a letter to Doctor Plask, and sent it with all speed. Immediately I returned to the General's chamber, where I found him in the same situation I had left him. A mixture of molasses, vinegar and butter, was prepared, but he could not swallow a drop; whenever he attempted, he was distressed, convulsed, and almost suffocated.

Mr. Rawlins came in soon after sunrise and prepared to bleed him; when the arm was ready, the General observed Rawlins appeared agitated; and said with difficulty "don't be afraid," and after the incision was made, he observed the orifice was not large enough—however, the blood ran pretty freely. Mrs. Washington not knowing whether bleeding was proper in the General's situation, begged that much might not be taken from him, and desired me to stop it. When I was about to untie the string, the General put up his hand to prevent it, and as soon as he could speak, said, "more."

Mrs. Washington still uneasy lest too much blood should be taken, it was stopped after about half a pint had been taken. Finding that no relief was obtained from bleeding, and that nothing could be swallowed, I proposed bathing the throat externally with sal volatile, which was done; a piece of flannel was then put round his neck. His feet were also soaked in warm water, but gave no relief. By Mrs. Washington's request I despatched a messenger for Dr. Brown at Port Tobacco. About 9 o'clock Dr. Craik arrived and put a blister of cantharides on the throat of the General, and took more blood, and had some vinegar and hot water set in a tea pot for him to draw in the steam from the nose.

He also had sage tea and vinegar mixed and used as a gargle, but when he held back his head to let it run down, it almost produced suffocation. When the mixture came out of his mouth some phlegm followed it, and he would attempt to cough, which the Doctor encouraged, but without effect. About 11 o'clock, Doct. Dick was sent for. Dr. Craik bled the General again, no effect was produced, and he continued in the same state, unable

to swallow a little. Calomel and tartar emetic were administered without effect. About half past 4 o'clock he desired me to ask Mrs. Washington to come to his bed side, when he desired her to go down to his room, and take from his desk two Wills which she would find there, and bring them to him, which she did; upon looking at one, which he observed was old, he desired her to burn it, which she did, and then took the other and put it away; after this was done I returned again to his bedside and took his hand: He said to me, "I find I am going—my breath cannot continue long; I believed from the first attack it would be fatal. Do you arrange and record all my military letters and papers; arrange my accounts and settle my books, as you know more about them than any one else; and let Mr. Rawlins finish recording my other letters, which he has begun." He asked when Mr. Lewis and Washington would return? I told him, I believed about the 20th of the month. He made no reply to it. The physicians again came in, (between 5 and 6 o'clock,) and when they came to his bedside, Dr. Craik asked him if he would set up in the bed; he held his hand to me and was raised up, when he said to the physicians—"I feel myself going; you had better not take any more trouble about me, but let me go off quietly; I cannot last long." They found what had been done was without effect; he laid down again, and they retired, except Dr. Craik. He then said to him—"Doctor, I die hard, but I am not afraid to go; I believed from my first attack I should not survive it; my breath cannot last long." The Doctor pressed his hand, but could not utter a word; he retired from the bed and sat by the fire absorbed in grief. About 8 o'clock, the physicians again came into the room, and applied blisters to his legs but went out without a ray of hope. From this time he appeared to breathe with less difficulty than he had done; but was very restless, continually changing his position, to endeavor to get ease. I aided him all in my power, and was gratified in believing he felt it, for he would look upon me with eyes speaking gratitude, but unable to utter a word without great distress. About 10 o'clock he made several attempts to speak to me before he could effect it; at length he said—"I am just going. Have me decently buried; and do not let my body be put into the vault in less than two days after I am buried." I bowed assent. He looked at me again and said—"Do you understand me?" I replied—"Yes sir." "Tis well," said he. About ten minutes before he expired, his breathing became much easier—he lay quietly—he withdrew his hand from mine and felt his own pulse. I spoke to Doctor Craik, who sat by the fire; he came to the bedside. The General's hand fell from his wrist; I took it in mine and placed it on my breast. Doctor Craik placed his hands over his eyes and he expired without a struggle or a sigh.

While we were fixed in silent grief, Mrs. Washington asked in a firm and collected voice—"Is he gone?"

From the Albany Daily Advertiser.

SCHOOL KEEPING.

Or, leaves from a pedagogue's Journal.

December 16th.—Entered upon the duties of my very responsible office at the moderate rate per month of 15 dollars, board not included. I have determined to adopt a system compounded of Beale, Lancaster, Pestalozzi, Fellenberg and Jacotot, and make a common school what it never was before, viz: a place of instruction where the learner may be taught all the higher branches of study—in a word, a very *uncommon* school.

I seated myself in a room, 20 feet deep by 15 feet wide, on either side were good substantial desks, upon the upper board of which there were sundry and divers hieroglyphics, which had been produced by those urchins who had a great desire to be celebrated as carvers. About two feet in front of the desks, were little benches made by the inserting of four round pieces of wood of nearly equal length, two at either end, which left the middle of the said plank in close proximity to the floor. At one end of the room, directly in front of a large window with here and there a whole pane of glass, stood my desk, from which, parodying Alexander Selkirk, I could proudly exclaim,

"I'm monarch of all in this hall,
My right there is none to dispute;
From the centre all around to the wall,
I'm lord of the fool and the brute."

The benches were all filled with those who bear the "human shape divine," though I could not have worshipped all the fair ones as divinities. I called up each one and com-

mented classing them according to their various requirements.

Rachael Clark—"Well, Miss Rachael, how far have you read, and what do you wish to study?"

"Sir?"

"What have you been reading with the last master?"

"He said how I couldn't read any thing, and so I must learn my A B C's; but dad wants you should let me study Arithmetic and Grammar, so that I can teach school next summer."

"Well, stand aside," ("Master, Jo Smith's pinching me.") "Jo Smith come here—what are you about, sir?"

"I didn't pinch, I only just touched him a little."

"My little fellow, come here; can you read, or do you not know your letters yet?"

"Oh! yes sir, I can say them backwards and forwards; A, B, C, D, E, F, G, &c. Z, W, X, Y, V, &c. I guess you may as well let me read the Testament."

By this time each and every pupil had taken a stand near my desk; one was giggling, another stuck his neighbor with a pin, another tickled the proximate ears with the feather end of his quill, and so on to the end of the chapter. But I was determined to arrange them in classes, so I again called out—"All those who wish to study grammar will please take their places near the fire-place." Away ran two-thirds of my school for the place designated. I commenced with the best looking female, who was a fine, graceful girl: her hair, which had never known confinement of comb or braid, was hanging in luxuriant curls on her face and neck, almost hiding a bright pair of *light blue* eyes. I love a blue eye, there is a look of heaven in it. She answered interrogatories very readily and correctly, and she had such a sweet musical voice that had I been caught else save a pedagogue, I should doubtless have fallen in love with her. The next was a fair looking creature, but she had not the most intellectual countenance I ever gazed upon. Polly Beckworth was her appellation.

"Miss Polly, do you know any thing about grammar?"

"Yes sir," (she spake the quietest of any being I ever knew,) "last summer I attended Mr. Hurd's lectures; he teaches grammar in three weeks a good deal *better* than any other *should* in a year."

"Very well, Polly, I will give you a sentence to *parse*." Man is appointed to govern all things.

Miss Beckworth says—"Man is an adverb, nominative case to, all things;" rule—"Active verbs govern the objective case."

I put her at the head of the class, and immediately commenced arranging the "small fry." I went home at twelve precisely, and there was such a meal as I hope to heaven you will never see. I have a description of it in my journal, but cannot at present transcribe it. Yours, &c. J. P. C. SMITH.

"REMARKABLE FACTS."

There are always a vast many "remarkable facts" in circulation.—Some man's "cat has had a litter of nine kittens, all with five legs, and only one eye each;" or, "a person digging for potatoes has turned up the body of a new-born babe in a state of utter decomposition;" or, "it is a singular fact that the Duke of Wellington's nose describes the same exact arc as does the cupola of St. Paul's;" or "Mrs. Molthus has been confined of seven children at a birth, who have been called after the days of the week. They were born on Saturday. Monday died before Monday came, and Tuesday died on Wednesday. Wednesday's life is despaired of. Thursday died upon herself, and Friday, Saturday and Sunday are not expected to make up the week.

It is a remarkable fact, that Mrs. Molthus's aunt had three children at a birth, the eldest of whom died in childhood of twins; and the second married a gentleman who was one of twenty-seven children by the same father, who had four wives." These "remarkable facts" are of perpetual occurrence, and are either concocted by some hungry devil who hopes thereby to achieve a dinner, or are sent to the journal by some wonder-monger who delights in collecting such like-matter, and communicating it. Several "remarkable facts" we have collected, and append them for the amusement and astonishment of our million friends.—Earl Grey always sleeps in his wig. Lord Brougham is very particular about his dress.—His lordship always wears his drawers tucked tightly inside his trowsers, and does not have them loose and detached, as has been falsely stated in a contemporary journal. The Broad stern fishing boat arrived at Billingsgate yesterday from Halvetsluy. It is a curious fact that this boat had only one sole on board and only two hands. It is a remarkable fact, although it has not been before noticed, to our knowledge, that the Earl of Chesterfield came of age on the very day when he was twenty-one. We are requested

to contradict the report that Queen Sarah sleeps in satin sheets; such slander cannot be too strongly refuted. It is a remarkable fact, that on the same day that Lord Goderich's last child was born; that a celebrated goose of his Lordship's laid an egg of nine inches in diameter. Cobbett has not changed his political opinions since last Monday. Lady Holland has not flung a joint stool at Lord H.'s head, as has been most malignantly and libellously stated. It is a remarkable fact, that last year what Lord Durham gained by coal he lost by speculation turf. It is a singular fact that the Courier has been of the same way of thinking two sequent days. It is a singular circumstance, that the mile stones, which are on the right hand on going from London to Brighton, are on the left and on returning from Brighton to London. The singular phenomenon has not yet been satisfactorily accounted for, although it has long occupied the serious attention of our first-rate geologists.

London Age.

INTERIOR OF BRAZIL.

Notwithstanding the general solitude and wild state of the country, every quarter of a league we met a large rancho in a valley, and generally crowded with troopers' mules. In this way we passed Pinhe Velho, Bernardo, and others, equally distant from each other, and in several valleys, the roads being a continual succession of hills. The last place was striking. It was a large establishment, in a wide hollow, with sloping grass swards rising up the sides of the mountains, yielding very extensive pasture. On the hill opposite the rancho was a magnificent bombax in blossom. It was of immense size, and, with its tall and straight stem bristling with broad flat spines, its large palmate foliage, and bright ruddy flowers resembling rich tulips, it was perhaps in that state one of the most beautiful trees in the world. The flowers are succeeded by immense pods as large as human heads, which burst and display long silken fibres like hair, to envelope the seed. This is used to stuff pillows, and for other domestic purposes.

In the evening we arrived at Pedro Alves, a town containing about fifty houses, in a rich verdant vale filled with gardens. It had a very rural appearance. The white houses were scattered through the green sward, interspersed with trees, giving a feature to the village very uncommon to a Brazilian landscape. They burn and cut down every thing in clearing ground; but if a tree accidentally escapes, they prize it highly, both for ornament and shade, and use it as a gradual refreshment. In this pretty village a number had been spared, and added greatly to its appearance. The rancho was a respectable estalagem, and I found in the sleeping room a canopy bed, the only one I had seen in Brazil, in the house of a native. The garden of the house was filled with the productions of both hemispheres, and all climates. Bananas and apple trees, walnuts and calabashes, were growing luxuriantly side by side; vines and peach trees were loaded with fruit; and the latter so abundantly, that the branches were broken to the ground by their weight.

Under this luxuriance of fruit above, were plots of European vegetables below; large flat Dutch cabbages, and different kinds of lettuces, were seen flourishing among melons and pine apples; and the whole presented a most grateful picture. Among the trees was a cactus, with stems as thick as a man's thigh, and ascending to the height of thirty feet, deeply ribbed, and from the furrows burst an immense profusion of blossoms.

My supper was served in an open gallery, which overlooked the vale, now rendered still more lovely by sloping beams of the setting sun, and here perfumed and shaded with Brazilian roses, and the beautiful and splendid flowers of the large cactus, whose snowy petals began to expand at sunset, as if for my gratification, I passed some of those hours which it is a pleasure to recal, when every thing that was grateful to the senses, and agreeable to the fancy, fills up the memory.

Dr. Walsh's Notices of Brazil.

"Not as you know on." The eulogist of Mr. Monroe, met with some little difficulty in his endeavor to enter the meeting-house on Thursday, in consequence of not walking with the procession. It seems that he, in company with a friend, applied at the door for admission, before the arrival of the escort, and while in the act of unceremoniously entering, was as unceremoniously repulsed by the constable who was posted there. Mr. A. requested leave to enter, but the sturdy guardian of the public peace and the meeting-house door, refused the boon, bawling out at the same time, "Not as you know on, not as you know on, friend." Mr. A. then assured him that the audience could do nothing without him, and that he was in fact a very essential part of the show. All of these assurances were of no avail, and the distinguished orator was obliged to bide the pelting shower until his friend announced his name, when, of course, instant admission was granted.

Boston Transcript.

From the Walsh's "Notices of Brazil."

TAKING THE VEIL.

The great convent of the Ajuda, receives an unlimited number of nuns, though they are generally confined to twenty-eight, and is one of the largest edifices in Rio. It runs the whole length of a street, and is so divested of ornament, that it looks like a huge barn or prison; yet it is but half built. It has one front to the sea, and another to the street, and contains two rows of dormitories. Under and against the high wall, next the sea, is erected the police barracks, and, by rather an odd coincidence, the sisterhood sleep on one side of the wall, and a regiment of profligate soldiers on the other. The chapel is immensely large, and very sombre and gloomy, the greatest and the most undowered religious edifice in Rio. The end opposite the altar is formed by a screen of iron railings, with very thick bars, and narrow apertures, extending from the floor to the ceiling, behind which the nuns assemble during divine service.

At the end of the chapel is a large quadrangle, entered by a massive gateway, surrounded by three stories of grated windows. Here female negro hawkers and pedlars come with their goods, and expose them in the court yard below. The nuns, from their grates windows above, see what they like, and, letting down a cord, the article is fastened to it; it is then drawn up and examined, and, if approved of, the price is let down. Some that I saw in the act of buying and selling in this way, were very merry, joking and laughing with the blacks below, and did not seem at all indisposed to do the same with my companion. In three of the lower windows, on a level with the court yard, are revolving cupboards, like half barrels, and at the back of each is a plate of tin, perforated like the top of a nutmeg-grater. The nuns of this convent are celebrated for making doces or sweet confectionary, which people purchase. There is a bell which the purchaser applies to, and a nun peeps through the perforated tin; she then lays the dish on a shelf of the revolving cupboard, and turns it inside out, the dish is taken, the price laid in its place, and it is turned in. While we stood there, the invisible lady-warden asked for a pinch of snuff; the box was laid down in the same way, and turned in and out.

This convent is distinguished as the burying place of the royal family. The ashes of Donna Maria I. and those of her sister Misiam are deposited here; and here also repose the remains of the good and amiable Leopoldina.

There are so few of the sisterhood in Rio, and their calm and temperate lives, in a mild and salubrious climate, are such causes of health, that they survive to a very advanced age, and a vacancy rarely occurs for a new sister: professing a nun, therefore, is a rare occurrence here. An event, however, of this kind now took place; I was careful to be present at it, and I went on the Sunday appointed, with a friend.

The street in which the convent is situated, was filled with blacks and mulattos, who as is usual in all religious festivals, were exploding fireworks before the door. The large church was crowded to excess, but the middle of the aisle was kept open by two files of soldiers, extending from the grating to the chancel. Beside the grating, a temporary gallery was erected for a choir of singers and musicians, as they have no organ in the chapel, and into this we were courteously admitted. The curtain which usually hangs inside the grating, was withdrawn, and the interior was displayed. It was a large apartment, corresponding with the chapel, and here the sisterhood were seated, with their veils thrown on one side, so that their faces were visible. Their dress consisted of a long black garment, commencing with a peak projecting below the eyes down the forehead, pinned close to the ears, and falling to the feet: under it was folded the white veil. The abdessa, who sat in front, was a full, fair, comely woman, with a star on her breast, and a large golden cross hanging to a rosary.

In a grating was a small wicket, about eighteen inches square. It was now open, and a cushion and some handkerchiefs of embroidered muslin were laid on the lower bars; and before it, on the outside, was a low throne, or stool, with four large gilt balls at the corners, and a cushion between them. When the usual mass of the day was ended, the officiating priests retired from the altar, and the nuns from their apartments, and then the peculiar ceremony commenced.

The young lady about to be professed was the daughter of one of the rich proprietaries d'Engenho, or owners of a sugar plantation, who are generally the most opulent people in the country. Her name was Maria Luzia, aged twenty-two. She resolved to take the veil, entirely against the wishes of her friends, who were anxious to estab-

lish her respectably in life, in a rank to which her expectations entitled her; but she resisted the attractions and voluntarily renounced the world in the prime of youth, and possessed of considerable beauty and fortune. This propensity in Brazil is not at all uncommon. In the convent of the Ajuda, were two sisters of the same family, already professed, and two more as novices, immediately to take the veil.

This young person had been previously examined by the bishop; whether she had completed her twenty-fifth year, for then she would have been of competent age to decide for herself, without the intervention of friends; whether it was with her own consent that she proposed to renounce the world; and whether she designed rigidly to observe her vows, and preserve her chastity. Having answered all these things in the affirmative, certain of the sisterhood, and of her own relations, were appointed as her sponsors, to accompany her during her profession.

The novice professed in two ways; either behind the grating, or by advancing up the church to the altar. The former mode is the rule of this convent. The arch-priest appeared with the bishop, attended by other clergy at the altar; and at the same time the nuns entered their apartment below the grating. The arch-priest then advancing down the aisle to the grating, applied himself to the wicket, and said, "Prudent virgin, trim your lamp: behold your spouse approaches; come forth and meet him." The novice hearing the words of the arch-priest, lighted a torch which she held in her hand, and accompanied by two nuns already professed, advanced to the wicket, while the bishop in his robes at the same time approached from the altar, with his mitre and his crozier, and sat on the low throne placed before it. The arch-priest then said: "Most reverend father, our holy mother, the Church, demands that you should bless this virgin, and espouse her to our Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God." The bishop demanded, "Is she worthy?"

The arch-priest replied, "As far as human frailty permits me to know, I believe, and certify, that she is worthy." The bishop then turned to the congregation, and said with a loud voice, "God and our Saviour aiding, we have chosen this present virgin, to bless and consecrate her as the Spouse of Christ." The arch-priest now chanted *Vene*—"Come," and the virgin advanced to him singing, "and now I follow with my whole heart;" she then came forward between her sponsors, and knelt at the aperture before the bishop.

She seemed very lovely; with an unusually sweet, gentle and pensive countenance. She did not look particularly or deeply affected; but when she sung her responses, there was something exceedingly mournful in the soft, tremulous, and timid tones of her voice. The bishop now exhorted her to make a public profession of her vows before the congregation, and said, "Will you persevere in your purposes of holy chastity?" She blushed deeply, and, with a downcast look, lowly, but grimly answered, "I will." He again said, more distinctly, "Do you promise to preserve it?" and she replied more emphatically, "I promise." The bishop said, "Thanks to God;" and she bent forward and reverently kissed his hand, while he asked her, "Will you now be blessed and consecrated?" She replied, "Oh! I wish it."

The habiliments which she was hereafter to be clothed, were brought forward, and were sanctified by the aspersion of holy water: then followed several prayers to God, that, "As he had blessed the garments of Aaron, with ointment which flowed from his head to his beard, so he would now bless the garment of his servant, with the copious dew of his benediction." When the garment was thus aspersed and blessed, the girl retired with it; and having laid aside the dress in which she had appeared, she returned, arrayed in her new attire, except her veil. A gold ring was next provided, and consecrated with a prayer, that she who wore it "might be fortified with celestial virtue, to preserve a pure faith, and incorrupt fidelity to her spouse, Jesus Christ." He last took the veil, and her female attendants having uncovered her head, he threw it over her, so that it fell on her shoulders and bosom, and said, "Receive this sacred veil, under the shadow of which you may learn to despise the world, and submit yourself truly, and with all humility of heart, to your Spouse;" to which she sang a response, in a very sweet, soft, and touching voice: "He has placed this veil before my face, that I should see no lover but himself."

The bishop now kindly took her hand, and held it while the following hymn was chanted by the choir with great harmony:—"Beloved Spouse, come—the winter is passed—the turtle sings, and the blooming vines are redolent of summer."

A crown, a necklace, and other female ornaments,

were now taken by the bishop and separately blessed; and the girl bending forward, praying that she might be thought worthy "to be enrolled into the society of the hundred and forty-four thousand virgins who preserved their chastity, and did not mix in the society of impure women."

Last of all, he placed the ring on the middle finger of her right hand, and solemnly said, "So, I marry you to Jesus Christ, who will henceforth be your protector. Receive this ring, the pledge of your faith, that you may be called the spouse of God." She fell upon her knees and sung, "I am married to him whom angels serve, whose beauty the sun and moon admire;" then rising, and showing with exultation her right hand, she said, emphatically, as to impress it on the attention of the congregation, "My Lord has wedded me with this ring, and decorated me with a crown as his spouse. I here renounce and despise all earthly ornaments for his sake, whom alone I see, whom alone I love, in whom alone I trust, and to whom alone I give all my affections. My heart hath uttered a good word: I speak of the deed I have done for my King."

Having thus renounced all earthly attachments, and laid aside all human objects of affection, she stood before the congregation dressed in her wedding robes, the garb of her celestial spouse. The bishop then pronounced a general benediction, and retired up to the altar; while the nun professed was borne off between her friends, with tapers lighted and garlands waving. The curtain was then drawn, and the ceremony ended.

I thought this whole service exceedingly affecting and beautiful; and it left a strong impression on my mind, notwithstanding the many circumstances attendant on it, which weakened the character of its solemnity. Outside was a crowd of blacks and mulattos, shouting, laughing, and hallooing, during the whole service; and discharging squibs and cracklers, which were distinctly seen and heard by the congregation. Nor did the people inside regard it as a thing of any interest; but on this, as on other occasions of ceremonial observances, the Brazilians seemed to have lost all impressions of sanctity. Those about us laughed and joked on it, with an unbecoming levity; and I believe my companion and I, were the only persons in the gallery, who seemed to feel any respect for the time or the place. One of them openly condemned the thing as a usage that must be abolished. "I am in a country," said he, "where our greatest want is people; it is absurd, as it is unjust, to shut up a number of females from the intercourse of social life, who would make the best wives and mothers; and so not only counteract the great law of Providence, 'increase and multiply,' but compel the people, in order to fulfil it, to cohabit with their nearest relatives."

THE GENEROUS MASK.

[A Tale imitated from the German.]

A beautiful lady of Bourdeaux, mourned with the sincerest grief for her husband, who, as she heard by report, had perished by a shipwreck. A numerous crowd of suitors, attracted by her youthful charms, only waited the confirmation of this rumor to solicit her hand. She behaved towards them with the utmost decency and propriety; yet, as she wished to make a return for the politeness they showed her, she made a splendid entertainment for them, on one of the concluding days of the carnival. While the company were engaged in play, a stranger, habited as a genius, entered, and sat down to play with the lady. He lost, demanded revenge, and lost again. This adverse fortune attended him ten or twelve times successively, because he adroitly managed the dice in such a manner that the chance was continually against him. Other players then wished to try their luck with him, but experiment did not turn to their advantage. The lady again resumed her place, and won an immense sum, which the mass loss with a good humour and quiet that absolutely astonished the spectators.

Some person observed, loud enough to be heard, that this was not playing but lavishly throwing away one's money; on which, raising his voice, he said, "that he was the Daemon of riches, which he valued not, except so far as it was in his power to bestow them on that lady, and immediately to prove the truth of his words, he produced several bags of gold, and others filled with diamonds and other precious stones, offering to stake them, one single throw against any thing of the most trivial value she might please to propose. The lady started, and embarrassed by this declaration now refused to play any more, and the company knew not what to think of this extraordinary occurrence, when an old lady presnt, observed to the person next her, that he must certainly be the devil; and

that his riches, his appearance, his discourse, his dexterity of play, all sufficiently showed that he was. The stranger, overhearing this, profited by the hint. He assumed the air and style of a magician, alluded to various circumstances which could be known only to the lady, spoke several foreign languages, performed many ingenious tricks, and concluded by declaring that he had come to demand a certain person in the company, who had given herself to him, and who, he protested, belonged to him: asserting at the same time, that he would take her to himself, and never leave her more, in defiance of every obstacle.

All eyes were now on the lady, who knew not what to think of this adventure: the women trembled, the men sniled, and the genius still continued to excite the perplexity and admiration of the company. This extraordinary scene lasted so long, that some grave personages at last arrived, who interrogated the demon and were on the point of exorcising him.

The Mask, however, turned every thing into ridicule with so much wit, that he had the laughter on his side. At length, when he found no longer time for raillery he took off his mask, which immediately, on the denouement of his extraordinary entertainment, excited an exclamation from the mistress of the house. In the general strangers she immediately recognized her husband; who having been in Spain, had gone from thence to Peru where he had made an immense fortune and returned laden with riches. He had learned on his arrival that his lady was to give an entertainment and a masked ball to some particular friends. An opportunity so favorable to disguise, inspired him with a wish to introduce himself without being known, and he had chosen the most extravagant dress he could meet with. The whole company, which in a great measure consisted of his relations and friends, congratulated him on his return, and willingly resigned to him his amiable lady whom he had justly claimed his own.

Magnificent Tobacco Box. By one of our late English papers, we find that in the city of Westminster, the overseers of the united parishes of St. Margaret and St. John the Evangelist, possess a tobacco box which is upwards of one hundred and eighteen years old; it weighs no less than fifty-six pounds, and it cost more than 2000*l.* sterling. This is certainly a valuable and unwieldy tobacco box. The history is rather curious, and to all lovers of the "aromatic vegetable," whether smokers, smokers, or chewers, it may be interesting. It appears that the box was originally a common horn box, bought, as tradition reports, at Horn Fair, by Mr. Henry Monck, the then overseer, for the small sum of four pence. This gentleman usually brought the four penny box with him to the tavern where the parish meetings were held, where the party smoked their pipes in friendly intercourse after the business of the day was over. The ornaments upon the tobacco box are all of silver, and have annually increased, so as to make it of the value as above stated, all succeeding overseers making some addition thereto, describing the most remarkable events of their year of office. The box is delivered to each succeeding overseer, with the following charge by one of the churchwardens: "This box and the several cases are the property of the Past Overseers Society, and delivered into your custody and care upon condition that they are produced at all parochial meetings which you shall be invited to, or have a right to attend, and shall contain three pipes of tobacco at the least, under the penalty of six bottles of claret. And also upon further condition that you shall restore the box with the several cases belonging to it, to the society in as good a state as the same now are, with some additional ornaments thereto, at the next meeting after you shall go out of office, or sooner if demanded, under the penalty of two hundred guineas." The chairman then proposes as a toast, "the new overseers, wishing them health to go through their office," which toast concludes the ceremony.

The box and cases are annually entrusted to the care of the overseers for the time being, without restriction as to the nature of the ornaments which may be added, or the skill and the taste of the artists who may be employed to execute them; therefore, the nature of the ornaments, and the style of their execution, are as various as the hands through which it has passed. Several of the ornaments display considerable taste in design, and ability in execution; and amongst these is a portrait of the Duke of Cumberland, who commanded at Culloden in 1746. In this battle the rebels, headed by the pretender in person, were defeated which put an end to the rebellion. This portrait and characteristic illustrations are engraved on the inside of the original box, and were designed and engraved by the celebrated William Hogarth, when in the zenith of his reputation.

THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW-YORK, SEPTEMBER 10, 1831.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR:

ALWAYS INTENDING TO MARRY.

MY EDITOR,—I am a tolerably old bachelor—being now in my seventy-fifth year. I am pale and heavy; free from the gout, the asthma, and all other complaints; and able at any time to jump over a five-barred gate—at least I was so in my younger days, and presume I am so still.

I have always intended and still intend to get me a wife. I am none of your profligate fellows; but, like all good and virtuous men, am entirely in favor of the holy institution of matrimony. All respectable bachelors no doubt are of the same way of thinking, and intend, like me, to get married in due season. Some of the greatest men, of all ages, have carried this honest intention with them through life, and finally departed in single blessedness.

Sir Isaac Newton lived and died a bachelor, not much above eighty. He doubtless intended to marry, as soon as he had got through with his astronomical calculations; but before he had completely settled the affairs of the heavenly bodies, and betaken himself quietly to his thoughts of domestic joys, he was called away. His dog, Diamond, who upset his table and burnt the papers on which he had labored for several years, I have no doubt was in some measure accountable for the celibacy in which he ended his life. As for the story of the young lady, whose finger in a fit of abstraction he used for a tobacco stopper, I have no faith in it; and do not believe he ever found time for the important business of wooing.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, the distinguished painter, also died a bachelor, not far from seventy—and no doubt contemplating all the while to get him a wife as soon as he was at leisure. But so engrossed was he all his days in the creation of handsome artificial faces, that he had no time to attend to real ones.

Thompson, Goldsmith, and a host of other literary worthies, unquestionably intended to get them wives, as soon as they had got an immortality of fame and a mint of money. But, alas! though the fame was attained, the money never came. They lived as poor as a church mouse, and died without ever having proved the blessings of matrimony.

Now as it regards myself—I have always, as I said before, intended to marry. Nor is my present single state in the least owing to my having taken the important resolution too late in life; for about the age of twenty I had very serious thoughts of the matter, and contrived to fall deeply in love. My mistress was the most beautiful and enchanting creature in the world: auburn locks, azure eyes, alabaster neck, pearl teeth, ruby lips, rose-and-lily cheeks, sylphlike form, taper fingers, tiny feet, and the prettiest ankle in the world. Then she was sweet-tempered and gentle as a dove; smiling and innocent as a cherub; playful as a fawn; sprightly as a kitten; and musical as a nightingale. She danced likewise—heavens! how she did dance. In short she was the very pinnacle of perfection; and I was over head and ears in love. I had all the flames and darts appropriate to the occasion. My heart went pit-a-pat at the very sight of her, and I blushed like a boiled lobster at the bare sound of her name. In every thing I endeavored to demean myself as a man ought under the like circumstances.

I became fond of solitude, of shady walks, and sighing groves. I wandered on the banks of a neighboring river; beheld my interesting figure in the stream; and once or twice thought of taking the lover's leap. I lay awake o' nights to think of my mistress; or slept for no other purpose than to dream of her. I carved her name on the bark of every tree within a mile; and scratched it on every pane of glass I could get at. I absolutely felt poetical; and as I could write nothing else, I undertook to write verses. Every hair in my mistress's eyebrow drew forth a line; and every dimple in her cheeks insured a chapter.

In a word, I became most loverlike ridiculous, and succeeded beyond my hopes. My Angelina, sweet creature, did not even frown; she returned my love with interest, and declared my poetry was most delectable. Our company was now every thing to each other; we were seldom apart. We talked of love in a cottage; and sighed for poverty and happiness. We could not possibly live without each other—that was a settled point.

But I went to study law some thirty miles off; and before my term was expired, my loving mistress had married for money—had actually taken to her arms an old curmudgeon, gouty, rheumatic,

and worth a plum. As for myself I had forgotten the wiles of Cupid in the mysteries of Coke and Blackstone; and instead of scratching the girl's name on every body's window, I was becoming expert in the drawing of writs, and the making of pleas and rejoinders.

But I did not give up the idea of marrying. I considered it as a sacred institution, to be entered into with all due deliberation at a fitting period. But I had now to commence the practice of law; to work my way against old heads, and established reputations; to persevere, to struggle, to overcome all opposition—and finally to get rich. This was no slight undertaking; and though I thought much about love, and matrimony, and happiness, and all those things, the idea of a wife and family, with nothing but law-books for their support, was a damper; and so I stuck to my office, assiduously attending to business when I could get it, and patiently waiting for it when I could not. Business, however grew by degrees; I got an excellent practice, laid up money—and by the time I was twenty-nine, I concluded I might venture without much hazard on the important state of matrimony.

I looked around me in order to fall in love. I determined now to set about it in a business like manner, very different from my former boyish undertaking. I am now, said I, just of the proper age to marry—neither too old nor too young. I will be sure, however, to take me a wife this year, lest I should be called an old bachelor. I have a house, and money at interest; and six months is abundantly sufficient for courtship and marriage. But it will be prudent, in case of accidents, to take the year before me. Let me see, who shall be the happy woman? I will not exactly marry for beauty; and yet I will not entirely neglect it. I will by no means look out for money, and yet if connected with all other good qualities, I will not be such a blockhead as to refuse it. But good sense is the main point; and after that, a good education. As for good temper, that will follow of course, if a woman have good sense—for none but fools are ill-tempered.

So I reasoned with myself, and began to look in earnest among my female acquaintance for the proper person. As it regards age, I did not wish to go lower than eighteen, nor higher than twenty-five. I found many within those limits—indeed more than I expected, for none of them exceeded twenty-five. But somehow or other I did not succeed in falling in love so readily as I had done nine years before—when I was a mere boy, had just come out of the college walls, and had no acquaintance with the world. I could not account for it—that a man of twenty-nine, a lawyer of some eminence, a gentleman of property, with plenty of young ladies setting their caps for him, should not get in love as easily as a penniless and obscure lad of twenty! But this is no doubt one of Master Cupid's paradoxes.

I began to conclude that my acquaintance among the fair was too limited; and resolved straightway to enlarge it. I got introductions into the best families within forty miles. Wherever there were marriageable daughters, I was in the midst of them. I endeavored to make myself agreeable, in order to find them so. And indeed I met with a great many very fine women; any one of whom, had I been able to concentrate my affections, I might have persuaded myself to take for a yoke fellow. But I found, that the farther I travelled and the more I extended my acquaintance, the more difficult it was to make up my mind to a choice. I accordingly returned home, and resolved to fall in love with a young lady of twenty-three, with whom I had been for some years acquainted, who belonged to a respectable family, and with whose virtues and fair qualities I had no reason to be dissatisfied.

The matter was now settled in my own mind; I became judiciously attentive, and was sweetly smiled upon. I even fixed upon a time when I would positively make a declaration, and offer my hand and fortune to the lady of my choice. It was on a charming moonlight evening in May. I had dressed myself with more than common care, and had conned over the finest phrases wherin to express my sentiments to the adored of my soul. I had put on my hat, and was just turning the key to my office door, when whom should I meet but a rascally client with an important case that required immediate attention! I wished the fellow at the devil, and was half inclined to give him a kick to send him there. But it would not do; business, in every well regulated establishment, must take the precedence of love. I received my man with the requisite number of bows and smiles, laid aside my hat, and proceeded to business. I made all possible despatch; but before I had finished, it was too late to think of resuming my love expedition; and so that opportunity was lost,

The next evening was obscured by clouds and mist; and though I was detained by no client, I could not think of declaring my love in a fog. The evening succeeding that was equally gloomy; and indeed, as if to baffle my wishes, the weather continued lowry and unfavorable for a whole fortnight. At the end of that time I was obliged to attend the county court, which employed me a week; and after that I had business on the circuit which detained me a fortnight longer. In short, matters and things of various kinds kept me engaged for some months, so that I had scarcely time to think of my marriage project; and finally the whole year passed away without my having made the important declaration.

Thinks I to myself, I am now thirty, and there is no use in hurrying. One year more or less will make very little difference to a man of my age. The people already call me an old bachelor; and I shall be no more than an old one, if I never get married. However, I am still resolved to take me a wife in due season; and live as a man ought, happily and respectably, with my family around me.

This resolution I steadily adhered to—always intending to put it in execution with all convenient despatch. But some how or other the next fifteen years strangely slipped away, and I was not married. The lady I had fixed upon prudently obtained a husband elsewhere, and I could not readily make up my mind as to her successor.

I was now in my forty-fifth year; and determined in my own mind, that it was a ripe and proper age for taking a wife. As to those youngsters, said I, who get married under forty-five, I have no opinion of them; they are mere boys, and no ways fit to have the charge of a family. Forty-five is certainly the golden age for matrimony. But even at forty-five a man should not be in haste; marriage is an important affair, and should be entered into with great deliberation.

With these thoughts I began carefully to look about me for the proper material out of which to make me an helpmeet. I did not want one too old, nor too young. About the age of thirty I considered as the best calculated to assure the duties of a housewife; besides I was of opinion that there should be some fifteen years difference in the ages of man and wife. The parson of our parish had a very fine daughter, who had stood over till the age of thirty, as it were on purpose for my accommodation. By the by, parson's daughter is apt to be very excellent—though I cannot say as much for their sons. As to the lady in question, she had good sense, tolerable looks, education enough for a woman, and a practical understanding of cookery and other household matters.

In a word, I resolved to marry the parson's daughter. I made some advances; I played checkers and talked divinity with the parson, and took tea with the daughter. I walked with her to church, and I walked with her home again; and every body said, the old bachelor was going to get married at last. I thought so myself; and I believe the parson and his daughter thought so too. To tell the plain truth, however I had never said a word to either of them on the subject; though the thing was settled in my own mind.

But some how or other my forty-fifth year passed over, and I was still a bachelor. I never could exactly tell how it happened. I was not so much occupied with other pursuits, as to interpose any very serious obstacle to my getting married. In point of fortune I was easy; and I fancied the parson's daughter looked on me with eyes of favor. The parson, I was sure would not object, but would have thrown in the marriage fee for the sake of seeing me his son-in-law.

But in spite of all these favorable circumstances, my forty-fifth year some how or other unaccountably passed away, and left me bachelor. So in like manner passed my forty-sixth, forty-seventh, and the succeeding years, until I at length found myself at the goodly age of sixty. Now, thought I, it is high time to look out in earnest for a wife. The parson's daughter was long since disposed of to a widower—who, having experienced the blessings of the married state, carried on his operations with more vigor than I did mine, and fairly took possession of the lady.

But there were abundance of others, both widow and maid, ready to embrace the first feasible chance for changing their condition. In regard to widows, however, I never could think of marrying one, lest she should, as honest Dogberry says, make "odorous comparisons" between me and her former husband. I therefore, after due deliberation, fixed my eyes upon a respectable maiden of forty—being now of opinion there should be at least twenty years difference between the husband and wife.

Now, thinks I to myself, I will despatch business,

I have been idly-dallying long enough. Wherefore I began my courtship with great zeal; my small-clothes and fair-top boots were in the neatest trim; and my hair powdered and adjusted with more than common care—for you must know, that I have constantly adhered to the revolutionary style of dress. I visited the lady three times a week, and was one evening just on the point of taking her hand preparatory to popping the question, when—confound all silly chits!—a married niece of my deary came running into the room in all haste, with a child in her arms, to ask if the poor thing wasn't going to have the snuffles.

I took my hat and departed; the maiden lady got married to an older bachelor than myself; and though the idea of the child with the snuffles haunted my imagination for some time, I at length got fairly over it, and resumed my intention, which I still maintain, of getting married in due season.

SINGLE.

RICHMOND HILL THEATRE. Preparations are making for the erection of a Theatre at the corner of Charlton and Varick streets, at the pleasant situation known by the name of the Richmond Hill House. The present building, which is occupied by Mr. Butler as a hotel, is to form the front or lobbies of the theatre; while the main part of the edifice is to be built in the rear. The front yard is to be converted into a public garden. The Theatre is to contain two tiers of boxes, a pit and gallery. All professed Cyprians, and all gemmen and ladies of color, to be excluded. The stock is already taken up; the work is to be commenced immediately, and finished in eight or ten weeks. Mr. Russel, late of the Tremont Theatre, Boston, will be the manager; and we are informed, will take special care to select a company of performers respectable in private life, as well as distinguished on the stage.

TUILERIES. We have been reading this work since our last, and find in it some descriptions of deep interest. The period of the former French Revolution, could not but afford many striking scenes for the pencil of the historical novelist. Many characters who figured in those perilous times are brought before the reader; and among others is the venerable Lafayette. The rest, both good and bad, were mostly consigned to the guillotine. But while we read this work with interest, chiefly kept alive by its connexion with actual history—we cannot say much for the style in which it is written—being apparently composed in haste—often incorrect in its English—and frequently interlarded with French phrases, which while they show the pedantry of the author, serve in general no other purpose than to vex the reader.

ANASTASIUS. The VII. & VIII. numbers of Harper's Library of Select Novels is just published, consisting of *Anastasius*, by T. Hope. Of this work we shall be able to speak more particularly, when we have read it. We will, however, just state, that it imports to be the personal memoirs of a Greek, related about the close of the last century—and containing also many historical and biographical notices not to be met elsewhere—"and yet," as the preface says, "narrated with scrupulous regard to truth."

DEATH OF DR. MITCHELL. Our fellow citizen, Doctor Samuel L. Mitchell—so long distinguished for his scientific and literary attainments, for his kindness and simplicity of heart—died on Thursday the 7th inst. in the 66th year of his age.

THE TABLET. This is the title of a volume of some two hundred pages, just published by Mr. A. H. Maltby of New-Haven, Conn. It consists of a variety of original articles, both in prose and verse—contributed by different authors, among which we notice the name of Percival.

A FARCE. Among the several publications, to which the Magdalen Report has given rise, is a satirical drama in three acts—entitled "*THE MAGDALEN REPORT: A FARCE.*" It is for sale by William Stodart, No. 6 Cortlandt-street.

Dr. Francia. According to the last accounts from Paraguay, Doctor Francia still continues at his post as Dictator of the Province, and was likely to remain so for many years to come. He leads the same retired life as formerly, and resides in a sort of palace; his household consisting merely of two negroes and a female cook. It is stated that he has 4,000 men under arms in various parts of his dominions. The laws relating to the entrance of foreigners into the country and the communication with the neighboring provinces, were still rigidly enforced.

The skeleton of an enormous whale nearly 100 feet in length, has been brought to London for public exhibition.

THE CONSTELLATION.

For the Constellation.

GROSNAS SCHLEPPEL.

A SCHLAVONIAN TALE.

Translated from the Schlavonian of Petrus Preiss.

In a remote part of Hungary lived Baron Zuch, about the middle of the last century. Being the undisputed possessor of large domains, and the acknowledged lord of a good band of retainers, his power was feared, his name respected, and his acquaintance cultivated by all the neighboring nobility. The Baron, however, though the lineal descendant of a long train of illustrious ancestry, had inherited very few of their virtues, and almost all of their foibles. Aristocratic in his principles, and haughty in his conduct, he piqued himself on the glory of his progenitors, without thinking of perpetuating the character they had acquired, or of imitating those noble characteristics, which had, originally, contributed to their elevation. Destitute of education, deficient in sense, and degenerate in spirit, he was petulant, unreasonable, and selfish. His nose, also, was far from prepossessing, and his stature so diminutive, that one might have doubted whether he was more a pugmy in body than in mind.

This cross-grained Lilliputian had an only daughter—the pride of his heart, and the prop of his age—a maiden, who, uniting the charms of beauty and the artlessness of innocence to the purity of Heaven, riveted the gaze of the beholder with the loveliness of her form, entranced his ear with the melody of her tongue, and riveted his very soul with the witchery of her smile. The deity of love sat enthroned on her brow—the fire of sensibility beamed from her eye—and the warm gush of benevolence mantled on her cheek. But enough.

The Baron had betrothed his daughter to a nobleman in the vicinity, and the day for the marriage was already fixed. The happy man was no other than Count Schleppel, alias Grosnas—which latter appellation he had got in Germany, on account of his enormous nasal organ. A further description of this interesting individual may not be unacceptable to the reader.

The Count was a little more of the Patagonian than his friend, the Baron, being somewhat over six feet high. In his person, he was gaunt, thin and dry—the exact counterpart of the knight of La Mancha. A pair of monstrous bushy whiskers—"the sign of manhood and the mark of valor"—overran a visage, wherein it would have baffled the physiognomical skill of a Lavater to discover the faintest glimmering of intelligence. In regard to the most protuberant feature of the "human face divine" he was perfectly unavalled. Its tremendous dimensions would have frightened Achilles himself—and I should have thought it unaccountably strange, if it had not procured him the honor of at least one additional cognomen. I have indeed heard of the famous Nicolai Brumelschadel, who, when he stooped, could not raise himself without assistance by reason of the bulk of his proboscis, but I do sincerely aver, that it could not compare, either in latitude or longitude with that of our hero.

Numbers of medical gentlemen, from motives of curiosity, daily flocked to see the Count, who, highly flattered with this mark of distinction, good-humoredly offered his gigantic nose for their inspection, and bore, with truly Christian fortitude, the many twangs and twitches which it was doomed to undergo in the course of professional investigation. But, as far as I have been able to understand, their learned labors were never blessed with any thing like a definite result. They all differed widely in opinion as to the proximate causes of this natural, or rather unnatural phenomenon, that figured so conspicuously on the countenance of their host. The annals of physiology were ransacked—the whole "ars medica" canvassed—and the shades of all the faculty from Galen and Hippocrates down to Buchan and Bell invoked and re-invoked—but still there was no unanimity of conclusion among the sons of the pestle and the mortar. In vain were authorities poured in from every quarter, and arguments and proofs adduced for every doctrine. In vain did each erudite disputant make the floor ring with his hickory cane in token of polemical wrath, and shake the "ambrosial curls" of his well powdered wig, in all the self-sufficiency of conscious superiority. Harmony might as well have been expected from the elements of chaos, or from the angry spirits of the storm!

Subsequent visitors, discouraged by the unsuccessful termination of former researches, contented themselves, therefore, with merely handling and feeling Schleppel's much-debated nose, without indulging in any theories as to its original formation, which has consequently remained a mystery ever since. But to return—

The Count—incredible as it may appear—was exceedingly vain of the charms of his person—and, what is still more surprising—he considered his unwieldy nasal member, and his prodigious whiskers—which would have answered admirably for a lion's mane—as first on the catalogue of his beauties. He verily imagined, that every damsel, from fifteen to fifty; was either violently in love with him, or actually dying of the chagrin, occasioned by an unreciprocated passion. He affected, however, to treat them all with indifference, and to regard their overtures with chilling coldness. He had, also, at hand numbers of amatory tales—wherein he himself was always sure to play the hero—which went to inform his auditors of the countless conquests he had involuntarily made in the kingdom of Cupid. From what he said, it appeared that he had committed extensive ravages on the hearts of empresses, sultanas &c. &c. &c. who were so desperately taken with his attractions, that they unfringed conjugal fidelity, and overstepped every rule of decorum, by making him proposals of elopement—all of which he had magnanimously rejected. These relations gained implicit credence of many, though a few, cynical bystanders pretended to consider them as mere fabrications. These latter individuals always affected to smile at his details—either because they had a dislike to hearing matters of gallantry—or perhaps, because the count's prominent organ of smell was enough of itself to convince them of the fallacy of his statements.

Schleppel professed to be a man of heroic courage, on which he seemed to pride himself even more than his personal graces. Many and long were the narratives of his valor. He had been engaged in bloody battles, dreadful rencontres and perilous adventures—the very mention of which made the hair of each credulous listener stick up like bulrushes, and froze the very marrow in his bones. But the stiff-necked sceptics, above referred to, sneered and smirked as much at his exploits under the guidance of Mars, as they did at his numerous conquests under the auspices of Venus. The principal reason, which they gave for their disbelief, was, that the narrator's "battles, rencontres and adventures" were always fixed at such a place, and dated at such a time, that the devil himself could not advance any conclusive evidence against their authenticity. Being unable therefore, to impeach his veracity by proof direct, they attempted to undermine his reputation for heroism in another manner. In pursuance of this plan, they very uncharitably redacted from oblivion multitudes of stubborn, indisputable facts, which proved the gallant Schleppel the greatest coward, that ever stood on two legs, and established his passillanimity beyond the shadow of a doubt. Numerous were the instances, harrowed up from the capacious reservoir of their memories—but, for fear of being prolix, I shall give only one of them as a specimen to the reader:—The Count one day made a little excursion, attended by a stout, athletic servant, who, like his master, was armed at all points. On passing through a thin forest, a son of Robin Hood, in the shape of a dwarfish, sickly-looking footpad, with a rusty pistol in his hand, demanded his purse. Our heroic gentleman was almost frightened to death at the unexpected appearance of so formidable a person. He earnestly begged the robber to spare his life, promising to surrender every thing of value about him. He accordingly, without offering the least resistance, suffered himself to be robbed of a fine watch and well filled purse, and after the transfer of the property was fully effected humbly asked permission to depart, which was no sooner granted, than putting spurs to his horse he rode a dozen miles in a mortal trepidation, not venturing to look back—much less to protect his trusty attendant!

Gentle reader! I leave thee to balance the evidence on both sides, and to form whatever opinion thou pleasest relative to the Count's valor. Our hero had also been a great traveller—that is to say—according to his own reports. He had visited every country, and seen every curiosity on the face of the globe—whether in reality, or in imagination only, I will let some future commentator to decide. Yet I must confess, that I have always inclined to the latter belief for three weighty reasons, viz. First—Because the Count was considered to be one of the greatest liars under the sun. Secondly—Because no one, not even his nearest relatives, knew any thing of his peregrinations, except a short tour, which he had made into Germany in his youth, under the guardianship of his grand mother. And thirdly—Because he always manifested the grossest ignorance as to the geographical situation and political condition of the countries, which he pretended to have visited—averring, inter alia, that North America was a little island in the straits of Magellan, in-

habited by woodpeckers and wild geese, and that the Atlantic Ocean was a pretty large lake emptying itself into the Black Sea, abounding in alligators and hippopotamuses.

The ignorant Baron, notwithstanding all these glaring inconsistencies, looked upon his intended son-in-law as the oracle of truth. He neither doubted the verity of his amours, nor seemed in the least degree incredulous as to his travels and discoveries. On the contrary, he implicitly believed every thing. For hours would he sit listening, with the deepest interest, to the relations of this second Telemachus—astonished at his learning and courtesy, and transfixed with wonder at his exploits both in the parlor and in the field.

But the veracious Schleppel did not confine his recitals to the visible world alone. Being exceedingly superstitious, he had collected an infinity of traditionary legends about ghosts, hobgoblins, and even his Satanic Majesty himself. These would he narrate to the groups collected round the evening fire, and with such an air of solemnity, as often made the boldest of them cast a look athwart his shoulder "to see if some evil spirit was not hovering at his elbow." But again—to my story.

The day appointed for the nuptials was rapidly approaching. Adeline's anguish may be conceived, but it cannot be described. The idea of being united to so hideous a person, as her intended husband, would have been sufficient, independent of every thing else, to overwhelm her with grief. But add to this—she was in love with another—one, who combined the beauty of person with the nobility of mind—and the sprightliness of youth with the intelligence of manhood—one, whose affection, pure as the dew of heaven—and firm as a rock of adamant,—was only equalled by her own. Ludwig was his name!

Aware of the rude temper and the inflexible sternness of her father, the unhappy maiden well knew, that prayers and entreaties would exasperate, instead of moving him, and that the least intimation of an unwillingness to comply with his wishes would, by throwing him into a brutal passion, only hasten her destined doom. She was therefore constrained to assume, in her father's presence, an air of gaiety, which little corresponded with her real state of mind. And whenever his absence relieved her from this hypocritical munificence, so exquisitely painful to the honest heart, she would retire to her closet, and pass a night in weeping tears of the bitterest agony.

Ludwig was not more at ease than his mistress. He raved like a madman, swearing at the Baron, and vowing he would tweak off Schleppel's "ungodly nose," as he termed it. More than once was he on his way to put this threat into execution, but his good sense finally induced him to relinquish it. The gust of passion soon blew over, and he began seriously to reflect on the most efficient measures to counteract the intended marriage. He first thought of sending the Count a challenge, but as the courage of the latter was at best very dubious, he was almost sure of receiving a refusal. This would make matters far worse than they were, as it would lead to the certain detection of his passion for Adeline, and make the Baron accelerate the detested match.

After revolving a variety of expedients, he hit on a scheme which the reader shall know in due season.

Learning that Schleppel was to sleep one night at the Baron's castle, Ludwig repaired thither with a brace of his friends. On arriving, he was, as he expected, very hospitably received; and as the night was rather far advanced, he was also invited, together with his comrades, to stay till morning.

This invitation, for reasons best known to himself, he readily embraced. On entering the hall-room, he found the knight of the "Big Nose" amusing the Baron and a dozen others with his oral communications. The new comers quietly seated themselves, reasonably believing that the orator's demonological disquisitions would come to an end like every thing else. But the hour of midnight sounded, and their expectations were as far as ever from being realized. Ludwig at last began to fear that he would talk away the whole night—and much as he abominated his rival's long nose, still more did he inwardly execrate his immeasurable long tongue. There sat his provoking adversary, unconscious of offence, retailing his mysticlore with the most praiseworthy perseverance, and thinking as little of sleep as the oaken chair which he occupied. Hour followed hour—tale succeeded tale, as one wave of the boundless ocean succeeds another, and with about the same prospect of exhaustion. Often did our lover flatter himself, as each story drew to its close, that it was to be the last; but Oh! human shortsightedness! it always proved to be but the prelude to another still more interminable, and ten

times more tedious. Again and again did he resolve, whenever the huge tankard, replenished with foaming ale, was passed to him in the course of its circuitous route, to throw it with its genial contents at the sinciput of the never-ceasing babbler—but as often did he stay his hand and repress his ire.

But perhaps, gentle reader! thou art not able to divine the cause of his anger. Know then, that Ludwig intended to put into effect the scheme to which I have already alluded, but which could not be executed as long as the Count was awake.

At length, unable to hold out any longer, our Romeo rose from his chair, hoping thereby to give the long-winded Schleppel a hint about the hour; but the external sensibilities of that sagacious personage were completely wrapped up in the mazes of his narratives—he might much more easily have given a hint to the man in the moon. Finding himself unsuccessful in the movement, he had recourse to another of a less equivocal character, to wit: he called for lights, and, with his comrades, left the room. As soon as they had made their exits, it appeared that the rest of the auditory showed a very strong disposition to follow their example, for certain it is, that the indefatigable Count soon found nothing but oaken chairs and deal tables in the apartment to listen to his details. Reflecting therefore on the hours of the night, and gathering himself in all his dignity, he strutted to his chamber, proud as the veriest turkey cock. He was not unobserved. In a dark passage adjoining, stood Adeline's gallant with his two cronies—all three apparelled like so many devils—painted in the most hideous manner—each one provided with a pair of horns, and decorated with a tail of the most respectable dimensions. Our friend Ludwig assumed the honor of representing Old Nick in person—and surely a better representation of the pitchfork-bearing gentleman could not have been wished. As soon as the musical intonations of the Count's nose, vulgarly called snoring, gave notice that he was asleep, the pseudo-devils, according to a preconceived plan, rushed into his apartment with trunions and sabres in their hands. After dancing about some time, Old Nick, alias Ludwig, his representative, went to the snorer's bedside, and suddenly interrupted the melodious notes of his nasal organ, by giving it a tremendous twist, the violence of which was not in a small degree owing to some delinquencies of the tongue during the prior part of the night. The sleeper awoke in a paroxysm of pain.

The first thing he sees, is the trio of devils, hopping, skipping and jumping about like mountain cats—all in complete uniform, with pitchforks and flambeaus—horns, tails and all. The varied horrors of reality itself flash upon his mind. He trembles from head to foot like an aspen, and his face assumes an ashy paleness. The cold sweat of agony gathers on his brow—a thick film obscures his eyes—terror in its wildest form curdles his very life blood, and palsies every limb and every muscle of his frame!

Full ten minutes elapsed before honest Schleppel could make use of his dearest privilege—the faculty of speech. "In the name of the Virgin Mary," he exclaimed in a voice almost choked with affright, "what are ye?"

This unlucky interrogatory was only answered by another potent tweak, which almost dislocated the ill-starred organ of smell of the querist. But this was not all. The hapless nasal member had yet to endure "strong pulls and long pulls" from each of the intruders to the tune of three times three!!! Such indeed was the cruelty of the treatment it met with, that it finally ejected a gallon of crimson fluid ycleped blood.

This sanguinary effusion almost stupified the Count. He verily thought his last hour was come, and so, by mumbling over credos and paternosters, began to prepare for journeying to a place which he could not travel and stay at home at the same time, as he had probably done in all his former expeditions, and from which he would have but little chance of returning to report his "battles, rencontres, and adventures." But he had not proceeded very far in his devotions, before he was interrupted by a hollow sepulchral voice, which emanated from the pipes of our friend, the personator of Old Nick. "Thus," it spoke:

"Presumptuous mortal! relinquish instantly the habitation, or thou diest on the spot. Speak!"

As soon as the deep and ghostly reverberation had ceased to ring in the ear of the startled sleeper, he summoned together his scattered senses, and with a convulsive effort, ejaculated: "I obey!"

"Remember!" rejoined Ludwig, in the same grave-like, blood-chilling tone, as he and his fellow devils glided out of the room with the rapidity of thunderbolts.

(Conclusion, see page 344.)

From Audubon's Ornithological Biography.

A PERILOUS SITUATION.

On my return from the Upper Mississippi, I found myself obliged to cross one of the wide prairies, which, in that portion of the United States, vary the appearance of the country.—The weather was fine, all around me was as fresh and blooming as if it had just issued from the bosom of nature. My knapsack, my gun, and my dog, were all I had for baggage and company. The track which I followed was only an old Indian trace and as darkness overshadowed the prairie. I felt some desire to reach at least a copse, in which I might be driven to rest. The night-hawks were skimming over, and around me, attracted by the buzzing wings of the beetles which form their food, and the distant howling of wolves gave me some hope that I should soon arrive at the skirts of some woodland.

I did so, and almost at the same instant a fire-light attracting my eye, I moved towards it full of confidence that it proceeded from the camp of some wandering Indians. I was mistaken: I discovered by its glaze that it was from the hearth of a small log cabin, and that a tall figure passed and repassed between it and me, as if busily engaged in household arrangement.

I reached the spot, and, presenting myself at the door, asked the tall figure, which proved to be a woman, if I might take shelter under her roof for the night. Her voice was gruff, and her attire negligently thrown about her. She answered in the affirmative. I walked in, took a wooden stool, and quietly seated myself by the fire. The next object that attracted my notice was a finely-formed young Indian, resting his head between his hands, with his elbows on his knees. A long bow rested against the log wall near him, while a quantity of arrows and two or three racoon skins lay at his feet.—He moved not; he apparently breathed not.—Accustomed to the habits of the Indians, and knowing that they pay little attention to the approach of civilized strangers (a circumstance which in some countries is considered as evincing the apathy of their character) I addressed her in French, a language not unfrequently partially known to the people in that neighborhood. He raised his head, pointed to one of his eyes with his finger, and gave me a significant glance with the other. The fact was, that an hour before this, as he was in the act of discharging an arrow at a racoon in the top of a tree, the arrow had split upon the cord, and sprang back with such violence into his right eye as to destroy it forever.

Feeling hungry, I inquired what sort of fare I could expect. Such a thing as a bed was not to be seen, but many large untanned bear and buffalo hides lay piled in a corner. I drew a fine time piece from my breast, and told the woman that it was late, and that I was fatigued. She had espied my watch, the richness of which seemed to operate upon her feelings with electric quickness. She told me that there was plenty of venison and jerked buffalo meat, and that on removing the ashes I should find a cake. But my watch had struck her fancy, and her curiosity had to be gratified by an immediate sight of it. I took off the gold chain that secured it from around my neck, and presented it to her. She was all ecstasy, spoke of its beauty, asked me its value, and put the chain round her brawny neck, saying how happy the possession of such a watch would make her. Thoughtless, and, as I fancied myself in so retarded a spot, secure, I paid little attention to her talk or her movements. I helped my dog to a good supper of venison, and was not long in satisfying the demands of my own appetite.

The Indian rose from his seat, as if in extreme suffering. He passed and repassed me several times, and once pinched me on the side so violently, that the pain nearly brought forth an exclamation of anger. I looked at him. His eye met mine; but his look was so forbidding, that it struck a chill into the more nervous part of my system. He again seated himself, drew his butcher knife from his greasy scabbard, examined its edge, as I would do that of a razor suspected dull, replaced it, and again taking his tomahawk from his back, filled the pipe of it with tobacco, and sent me expressive glances whenever our hostess chanced to have her back towards us.

Never until that moment had my senses been awakened to the danger which I now suspected to lie about me. I returned glance for glance to my companion, and rested well assured that, whatever enemies I might have, he was not of their number.

I asked the woman for my watch, wound it up, and under pretence of wishing to see how the weather might probably be on the morrow, took up my gun, and walked out of the cabin. I slipped a ball into each barrel, scraped the edges of

my dints, renewed the primings, and returning to the hut, gave a favorable account of my observations. I took a few bear-skins, made a pallet of them, and calling my faithful dog to my side, lay down, with my gun close to my body, and in a few minutes was, to all appearance, fast asleep.

A short time had elapsed, when some voices were heard, and from the corner of my eyes I saw two athletic youths making their entrance, bearing a dead stag on a pole. They disposed of their burden, and asking for whiskey, helped themselves freely to it. Observing me and the wounded Indian, they asked who I was, and why that rascal (meaning the Indian, who, they knew, understood not a word of English) was in the house. The mother—for so she proved to be, bade them speak less loudly, made mention of my watch, and took them to a corner, where a conversation took place, the purport of which it required little shrewdness in me to guess. I tapped my dog gently. He moved his tail, and with indescribable pleasure I saw his fine eyes alternately fixed on me and raised towards the top in the corner. I felt that he perceived the danger of my situation. The Indian exchanged a last glance with me.

The lad had eaten and drunk themselves into such condition, that I already looked upon them *hors de combat*; and the frequent visits of the whiskey bottle to the open mouth of their dam I hoped would soon reduce her to a like state. Judge of my astonishment, reader, when I saw this incarnate fiend take a large carving knife, and go to the grindstone to whet its edge. I saw her pour the water on the turning machine, and watched her working away with a dangerous instrument, until the cold sweat covered every part of my body, in despite of my determination to defend myself to the last. Her task finished, she walked to her reeling sons, and said, "There, that'll settle him! Boys, kill you —, and then for the watch!"

I turned, cocked my gun-locks silently, touched my faithful companion, and lay ready to start up and shoot the first who might attempt my life. The moment was fast approaching, and that night might have been my last in this world, had not Providence made preparations for my rescue. All was ready.

The infernal hog was advancing slowly, probably contemplating the best way of despatching me, whilst her sons should be engaged with the Indian. I was several times on the eve of rising, and shooting her on the spot—but she was not to be punished thus. The door was suddenly opened, and there entered two stout travellers, each with a long rifle on his shoulder. I bounced upon my feet, and making them most heartily welcome, told them how well it was for me that they should have arrived at that moment. The tale was told in a moment. The drunken sons were secured, and the woman, in spite of her defiance and vociferations, shared the same fate.—The Indian fairly danced with joy, and gave us to understand that, as he could not sleep for pain, he would watch over us. You may suppose we slept much less than we talked. The two strangers gave me an account of their once having been themselves in a somewhat similar situation. Day came, fair and rosy, and with it the punishment of our captives.

They were now quite sobered. Their feet were unbound, but their arms were still securely tied. We marched them into the woods off the road, and having used them as Regulators were wont to use such delinquents, we set fire to the cabin, gave all the skins and implements to the young Indian warrior, and proceeded, well pleased, towards the settlements.

During upwards of twenty-five years, when my wanderings extended to all parts of our country, this was the only time at which my life was in danger from my fellow creatures. Indeed, so little risk do travellers run in the United States, that no one born there ever dreams of any to be encountered on the road; and I can only account for this occurrence by supposing that the inhabitants of the cabin were not Americans.

From the Record.

PONE, SWEET PONE.*

'Mid pounds an' loadings, where're we may roam,
Be it ever so crumble'd there's nothing like pone;
A charm from the cake seems to rise on the air;

Which, seek through the world, is not met with elsewhere.
Pone, pone—sweet, sweet pone!

There's smacking like pone;

There's nothing like pone.

When ev'ld from pone, paddin' dazzling in vain,
Oh! give me my honey bell'd pone cake again;

With Nellie Corn singing gayly, to come at my call,
Pone, pone—sweet, sweet pone!

There's nothing like pone;

There's nothing like pone.

* PONE is a kind of bread, or cake, made of corn-meal and is considered, by persons living in these parts, a great delicacy.

Land o' Herring, Old Point Comfort, July 4th.

POETRY.

MY HEID IS LIKE TO REND, WILLIE.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

My heid is like to rend, Willie,

My heart is like to break ;

I'm wearin' aff my feet, Willie,

I'm dyin' for your sake !

O lay your cheek to mine, Willie,

Your han' on my brest-hane,—

O say ye'll think on me, Willie,

When I am dead and gone !

It's vain to comfort me, Willie,

Sair grief maun ha'e its will—

But let me wrest upon your brest,

To sab and grieve my fill.

Let me sit on your knee, Willie,

Let me shed by your hair,

An' look into the face, Willie,

I never shall see mair !

I'm sittin' on your knee, Willie,

For the last time in my life :

A puir heart-broken thing, Willie,

That ne'er can be your wife.

Ay ress your ha' upon my heart,

And press it mair and mair ;

Or it will burst the silken twine,

Sae strang is its despair !

Oh wae's me for the hour, Willie,

When we the gither met :

Oh wae's me for the time, Willie,

That our first tryst was set !

Oh wae's me for the loanin' green

Where we were used to gae ;

An' wae's me for the destine

That gart me luvie thee sae !

Oh dinna min' my words, Willie,

I downa seek to blame :

But oh ! its hard to live, Willie,

An' die a wairld's shame !

Her tears are hailin' ower your cheek,

And hailin' ower your chin ;

Why weep ye sae for worthlessness,

For sorrow and for sin ?

I'm weary o' this world, Willie,

An' sick wi' all I see ;

I cannot live as I ha'e lived,

Or be as I should be,

But fauld unto your heart, Willie,

The heart that still is thine ;

An' kiss ance mair the white, white check

Ye said was red lang syne.

A stoun' gaes thro' my heid, Willie,

A sair stoun' thro', my heart ;

Oh ! hand me up an' let me kiss

Thy brow ere we twa pairt.

Another, an' another yet !—

How fast my life-strings break !

Farewell ! Farewell ! thro' yon kirk-yaird

Step lightly for my sake !

The lavrock in the lift, Willie,

That lifts far ower our heid—

Will sing the morn as merrile

Abune the clay-cauld deid ;

An' this green turf we're sittin' on,

Wi' dews-drops shinnaein-shineen,

Will harp her close who did thee wrang,

As warld has seldom seen.

But oh ! remember me, Willie,

On lan' where'er ye be ;

An' oh ! think on the leal heart,

That ne'er loved an' but the best !

An' oh ! think on the cauld, cauld moos

That file my yellow hair ;

That kiss the cheek, and kiss the chin,

Ye never soll kiss mair !

From the New-England Magazine.

THE MERRY HEART.

The merry heart, the merry heart,

Of Heaven's gifts I hold the best ;

And he who feels its pleasant throng,

Though dark his lot, is truly blest.

His mind, by inborn power sustained,

Upon the poles of reason turns,

And, in his breast, the flame of joy

Diffuses incense, as it burns.

And Glory's wreath, and Valor's plume

Have not a charm to banish care ;

And oft the purple decks the breast,

Whose heart Promethean vultures tear.

The chain will gall you none the less,

Because its links are massy gold,—

In vain you deck with gems the vest,

Whose threads have been in poison rolled.

"Gold frets to dust," and Beauty's bloom

Is slowly filched by pale Decay ;

And Genius feeds a wasting fire

That eats its master's heart away.

The poet's laurel oft is twined

With branches of the cypress tree—

Let others choose these glittering toys,

But O ! the merry heart for me.

From youth to age it changes not,

In joy and sorrow still the same ;

When skies are dark and tempests scowl,

It shines a steady beacon flame ;

And in the laughing noon of joy,

This, this is still the better part ;

For light and bloom and azure heavens

Address in vain the heavy heart.

It gives a wisdom plain and good,

Worth all the Sages' learned laws ;

And from the rubs and cares of life,

Some food of comfort still it draws.

When darkness reigns, some short-lived power

But intercepts the general light ;

And in the shadow deep obscure,

It sees a proof that suns are bright.

It gives to Beauty half its power,

The nameless charm worth all the rest—

The light that flutters o'er a face,

And speaks of sunshine in the breast.

If Beauty ne'er have set her seal,

It well supplies her absence too,

And many a face looks passing fair,

Because a merry heart shines through.

VARIETY.

The writer of the following article must have read the New-England Magazine and studied the "Progress of Exaggeration."

A Tropical Climate. Insects are the curse of tropical climates. The vete rouge lays the foundation of a tremendous ulcer. In a moment and you are covered with ticks. Chigoes bury themselves in your flesh and hatch a large colony of young chigoes in a few hours. They will not live together, but every chigoe sets up a separate ulcer, and has his own private pus; flies get entry into your mouth; into your eyes, into your nose. You eat flies, drink flies, and breathe flies. Lizards, cockatoos and snakes get into the bed—ants eat the books—scorpions sting you on the foot—every thing stings, bites or bruises—every second of your existence you are wounded by some piece of animal life, that nobody has ever seen before, except Sir. Verma and Marian. An insect with eleven legs is swimming in your tea-cup—a non descript with nine wings is struggling in the small beer, or a caterpillar, with several dozen eyes in his belly, is hastening over the bread and butter! —Such is a tropical climate.

Curious structure of the Eye of the Horse.

A singular provision is made for keeping the eye of the horse clean by an eyelid called the *haw*. It is moistened by a pulpy substance, or mucilage, to take hold of the dust on the eye-ball, and wipe it clear off, so that the eye is hardly ever seen with any thing on it, though greatly exposed from its size and posture. The swift motion of the *haw* is given to it by a grisly elastic substance, placed between the eye-ball and the socket, and striking obliquely, so as to drive out the *haw* with great velocity over the eye, and then let it come back as quickly.

Ignorant persons, when this *haw* is inflamed from cold, and swelled so as to appear, which it never does in a healthy state, often mistake it for an imperfection (calling it the "hooks in the eyes") and cut it off! so nearly do ignorance and cruelty produce the same effect.

BIRTHS IN LONDON.

In Somers street, Portman-square, the lady of R. Ne., Esq., of a daughter.

Tis said that Saint Helena rose

Within a fleeting night ;*

And here, within as brief a day,

That this is really what the newspapers have long said it to be, the age of wonders, no one will deny who reads the following from the *Charleston Courier*:

Singular Transformation. We were yesterday shown a fowl, which we are assured, and have every reason to believe, has undergone a most novel metamorphosis. The fowl, originally a good laying hen, became indisposed, it seems, some time since; and, as was supposed from being repeatedly ducked to prevent its sitting, lost its feathers. Within the last month, it has put forth a beautiful coat of new feathers, of a male character; is perfectly restored to health—and to the no little astonishment of all who have seen it, now presents the appearance of a handsome Rooster! The fact of this singular transformation, which would not otherwise be credited, is attested by several of our most respectable inhabitants.

Now we cannot withhold credence from a phenomenon that appears to have been witnessed by so many persons, whose credibility is vouch'd for by so respectable an endorser as the *Courier*, but as a way once said, we certainly should not have believed it had we seen ourselves. It is in fact "a deed most foul and unnatural;" we hope that good housewives in this part of the country, will be careful how they dip their hens in cold water, or we shall have the race of chickens run out before people know where they are.

We had written thus far, when pausing to muse upon the momentous consequences that would follow the disappearance of this class of domestic birds from the hen roost, and the dinner table; the extinction without hope, of omelette soufflés, the demolition of poulets à l'estragon, and the destruction of "volaille aux champignons" that would inevitably ensue—the annihilation, in short, of all the "entrees de volaille"—when, by one of those mishaps which sometimes overtake the writers of paragraphs as well as their readers, we unexpectedly found ourselves asleep and dreaming. Presently there appeared to be a large pool of cool and sparkling water before us, into which numerous flocks of old hens were being dipped, while multitudes of young cocks were strutting about and filling the air with their crowing; then

"A change came o'er the spirit of our dream."

By one of those whimsical freaks of the senses, so common in these sleeping fantasies, instead of birds it was ancient dames and antiquated belles, who were undergoing this magical effect of being dipped in cold water,—many a superannuated Xantippe, who, for years, had *hen-pecked* her much-enduring Athenian, did we see slip a scolding beaumanois into the pool, and come out a simpering milk and water young bachelor, any thing in short but a game cock of a husband. On the other side we observed that mild Canton-breed looking fair ones always turned out spirited dominicks or bustling bantams of young fellows. Suddenly, while we were trying to account for this change of disposition, as well as of sex, thus effected by the immersion, a strange rushing sound saluted our ears, and all the feeble and toddling old women were driven away and succeeded by a flock of young ladies, who crowded around as eagerly as if to witness the opening of a case of fall fashions at Miss —'s millinery. These we soon learnt were young flirts and coquettes, who, having already exhausted the hearts of all their male acquaintance, wished to change their sex, that they might have new worlds to conquer, and commence hostility upon their former female friends. Here to gain the result was by no means what might naturally have been expected. The very first that was dipped, though she went in as inveterate a female scoffer of Cupid as ever blushed against the power of the little deity, stepped upon the ground again a pensive looking youth with a confirmed chronic *bassin d'amour*.—The next, however, nowise daunted, "laughed outright," like the wobbin in the minstrels lay, when *she* came down to the brink, but was "sighing like a furnace" when *he* regained it. Some, we observed, who detesting any music less lively than a gallopade waltz, performed by Bennet's band, when they entered, asked for a flute and began to play, "Oh no we never mention her," the moment they came out. Others again who used to curl their hair with the sonnets their lovers had written to their eyebrows, begged plaintively for an album after they had been dipped, and commented at once to pour out their feelings in verse; nor were there any exceptions to the general rule of arrant jilt's been changed into doating lovers. Many an amazon too did we see turned into Billy Lackaday's; and more than one lovely sapphier transformed into an ugly flop. Indeed the contrariety of every succeeding metamorphosis was so well preserved that, had we been disposed to moralize upon the true standard of feeling, sentiment and manners, and whether the departure from it in the one sex is not always counterbalanced by some absurdity in the other, we should have

been at no loss to decide which was the best or at least the most agreeable member of society, a sprightly coquette, or a puling sentimental, an amiable sapphier, or a pert flop. How far the examples might have multiplied we are unable to say, for, upon it occurring to us that the pool might have a similar effect in changing the political prejudices of the ladies, in order to judge what influence so many new votives would have upon the Presidential Question, we shouted "Jackson or Clay" so loud that we were awoke by the sound of our own voice. Just then our ears were saluted by the Printer's devil with that emphatic dysyllable "Copy," and not being able to lay our hands upon either a "fatal accident," or a "mysterious occurrence," we determined, by recording as above, the odd vision it had excited, to nurse the little *Charleston* "item" up into an editorial article.

Bene Plant—Summer Complaint. Public attention is just now being directed to the virtues of the *bene plant*, in the summer complaint of children, for which, in the style of exclamation of the day, it is declared to be an infallible remedy. One thing is infallibly certain, be it vegetable or mineral, solid, fluid, or gaseous, called an infallible cure for even one complaint, without reference to its stages, or the difference of constitution of the persons attacked by it, such an announcement is excessively absurd; it is an infallible sign of knavery, when uttered by designing quacks, and of ignorance when repeated by the crowd. It is by such exaggerated eulogies and false assertions that a good remedy is brought into disrepute.

The virtues of the *bene plant*, or at least of the leaf, the part now used, depend solely on a simple mucilage, divested of any aromatic, astringent, or narcotic addition. A leaf, put into a half pint tumbler of pure water, and stirred round, communicates to this latter a mucilaginous character;—the liquor has very little taste, other than what is communicated by the sap or juices of any simple vegetable substance.

This watery infusion of the *bene leaf*, will no doubt, be of decided efficacy in diseased stomach and bowels, as a mild diluent and demulcent, and soothing to irritated surfaces, just as the mucilage prepared by a decoction of the inner bark of slippery elm, or the pith of sassafras is to an inflamed eye. The efficacy of the infusion of *bene leaf* will also mainly depend on its being used alone, to the exclusion of all other drinks, and with certain reservations, of all medicines. Another point of paramount importance is, to withhold mixed food from the child, and to be particular also on the score of quantity of the one simple article.

Let people not deceive themselves in this matter. The *bene plant* has virtues in the summer complaint of children, and in analogous affections of adults; but these virtues are dependent on its simple vegetable juice and mucilage, virtues possessed, especially as regards mucilage, by many other substances, such as gum Arabic, the gurc of plum, and of cherry, flax-seed, marsh mallow, the bark of the slippery elm, the pith of sassafras, obtained from the young branches, the root of the flowering fern, &c. Each of these articles has been administered in disordered states of the stomach and digestive canal, and with marked advantage; and each has had its season of vogue, and its eulogists, as the *bene plant* has now. At the present juncture, we are treating, with entire success, a case of cholera, with a mucilaginous drink of gum Arabic water. For two or three days, nothing else whatever was taken by the patient; subsequently it drinks rice water alternately with the gum water.

Hippocrates and his school placed great reliance on barley water, as a diluent and demulcent in numerous diseases. The Chinese, and many of the French physicians have the most unlimited confidence in the healing virtues of rice water in cholera and dysentery. For ourselves, we are persuaded that a large proportion, nay, the majority of cases of these diseases, in young and old, might be prevented from making any progress, and would soon be removed without medicine, if the person who feels their first approach were to be restricted exclusively, for twenty-four hours—or even forty-eight hours—to rice water, making it both drink and medicine, and also food, and keeping at rest, out of the sun and night air. This is a subject on which we speak experimentally, and from multiplied observations.

The above views are, it is probable, too easy and natural of execution for the use of the public; and mothers may still prefer to poison their children by all manner of domestic quackery and promiscuous feeding, consoling themselves, that they have followed the advice of the ignorant, in place of being admonished by the instructed, and been biased by their own silly notions of what would gratify the child, despite the earnest remonstrances, the unanswerable reasoning and arguments of their physician whose direct interest it is to give them the best advice. *Journal of Health.*

From the *Salem Observer*

Herb Doctor. At the mouth of the Kennebec, an addition was made to our party, of an elderly man of grotesque appearance. His tall lank form and runcinate face, which had received the most glowing tints either from the sun or the brandy bottle, for he had evidently been exposed to both, excited the curious gaze of all on board of our boat. He had with him two large sacks, of which he was particularly careful. He called himself a "natural physician," otherwise an herb doctor, and was returning from his annual pilgrimage to the sea shore, deeply laden with a stock of simples, which he was carrying home, somewhere on the Canada line.

He soon made known to us his character, by waging a furious war against the whole system of modern therapeutics. Calonel in a special manner drew forth his anathemas. "It's a formal poison, sure to kill, and the physic craft know it. If war has killed its thousands, mercury has carried off its tens of thousands. The only thing God's got for us is to kill bairn." He did not say, like lean Lampedo, that he had "tried it on a dog," but he gave us a testimony equally as satisfactory of its effects. "I tried it once myself, and nothing saved my life," said he, "but a naturally strong constitution, and a free use of herbs. These are the only safe remedies for all diseases. Nature is the best teacher of medicine, eat all; and those who wish to study physic, are only to observe nester. You know that dogs and cats, when they are sick, go natively to herbs."

The doctor then drew from each of his large sacks a handful of what he called *Dulse*, a species of marine vegetable, the gathering of which had probably cost him a summer's employment. "This is a nice article," said he, showing to us one handful: "it was picked as the tide fell, and by taking half a pound of this (measuring about half a peck) you may be sure of a nice purge. The other kind operates just contrary. I picked this, when the tide was rising, and of course it makes a puke, and an excellent one it is, you have only to take a double handful and chew it well. It is good for worms too, and will expel them whenever it is applied."

The last recommendation broke the silence of one of the by-standers who, with gaping mouth and saucer eyes, had swallowed all the marvellous stories of the doctor, relating to his favorite herb. Drawing close to the learned expounder of medicine, he very soberly asked the latter, if there could be any dependence on it for killing snakes. "for there's a heap of these critters in our pasture, and by jingo, I should like to clear them out!" Our herb doctor, thinking he had made at least one proselyte, gave the inquirer a significant leer, and beckoned him to the bow of the boat, where he probably imposed on the humpkin, several well authenticated instances of its snake destroying virtues. We were thus happily relieved from the garrulity of the old man, which had become not only tiresome, but very annoying to the ladies, who found their bonnet rims too short to conceal the blushes which were produced by the doctor's inadvertent exposition of the *modus operandi* of his "natural physic."

PEREGNATOR

We believe the lives and works of distinguished novelists will prove that on the weightier and more real subjects of life, they are powerful and original. This was the case with Smollett and De Foe,—it is the case with Scott, Bulwer, Godwin, and others easily named. A good imagination—or a strong fancy—is not often unallied to great reasoning powers—and it is wedded to great independence of mind. We never yet knew a writer of worth, who did not compose his works from the enjoyment they gave him in their construction, or who did not feel an utter contempt for the time being, of all criticisms they might receive. This has been emphatically the fact in reference to Godwin. He has a noble intellect, and a green renown; but the enjoyment of the one, and the brightness of the other have never been won from criticism. He has been opposed—buffeted—and now, there is no man of letters who can fail to do homage to his merit. His "St. Leon" is a magnificent work. Speaking of this story, a late number of the Edinburgh Review thus expresses itself: "In the hands of a person whose mind combines the philosophical element with the poetical, the picture of an undying being—solitary in the centre of a busy world, longing to die and rest, may be capable of producing the profoundest emotion. This has been done by Godwin in his St. Leon, where the train of reflection of such an immortal—at first joyous, and exulting in the boundless expansion of his powers, gradually sinking into sadness, and at last into an overpowering sensation of loneliness and desolation—is depicted with a deep knowledge of the human heart, and a train of touching and mournful eloquence."

Philadelphia Gazette.

Ingenious Robbery. The following circumstance lately occurred at the opening of a new Methodist meeting at Bell Bar, near Enfield Chace: A person, apparently a gentleman, passing by on horseback, and seeing a great number of people waiting at the doors, after inquiring the cause, and understanding that it was the day appointed for the opening of the same by a minister from London, and that a collection was to be made, &c. waited till after service began, when alighting from his horse, he went in, joining in the service, in a short time pulled out his purse, and putting a guinea into his hat, went round the congregation, who, influenced by his example, contributed very liberally. Though this conduct in a stranger was rather unaccountable, it passed off very well with the master, who imputed his zeal to a sudden conversion on the subject, and collections in the middle of the service are common in conventicles; notwithstanding this, the surprise of the whole congregation was inexplicable, when, instead of going into the vestry, they saw the new convert making towards the door. The ministers and others called upon him to deliver up the charge, which he refused, saying—"My brethren, freely have ye given, and freely have I received," and instantly remounting his horse, which was an exceeding good one, he left the congregation to explain on his impudence, and mourn their loss. Old paper.

Useful Discovery by a Lady. It is stated in the Ravenna (Ohio) Courier, that an important discovery was made in Copley, Medina county, June 17, by a lady. Mr. Vial, his son, and another person were digging a well, and the son having gone down first, was prostrated on breathing the noxious vapor or "damps" below. His father descended to his relief and fell also; the third started for a physician; in the mean time several ladies assembled at the place, and one threw down a pail of water, the most of which fell on the face of Mr. Vial, who caught breath, rose, and seized the senseless body of his son, got into the tub and was drawn up by the ladies. Water was immediately applied to the young man, which in a short time produced symptoms of returning life. Mr. Vial in a few hours attained his usual health and strength, and the young man, by medical aid, had so far recovered as to be able to walk about on the second day. The experiment of letting down a candle was made, which went out at the distance of six feet from the top of the well; a live chicken was also let down, and at the depth of six feet animation became suspended; but by pouring down water upon it, animation was immediately restored. From these experiments it appears that on inhaling this gas, life is suspended only, and that the application of water will restore it; whether by conveying atmospheric air contained in the water, to the sufferer, or from some other cause.

Amiabilities between Johnson and Adam Smith. Mr. Boswell, as chosen to omit, for reasons which will be presently obvious, that Johnson and Adam Smith met at Glasgow; but I have been assured by Professor John Miller, that they did so, and that Smith, leaving the party in which he had met Johnson, happened to come to another company where Miller was. Knowing that Smith had been in Johnson's society, they were anxious to know what had passed, and the more so as Dr. Smith's temper seemed much ruffled. At first Smith would only answer, "he's a brute—he's a brute!" but on closer examination, it appears that Johnson no sooner saw Smith than he attacked him for some points of his famous letter on the death of Hume, (*ante v. ii. p. 267 n.*) Smith vindicated the truth of his statement. "What did Johnson say?" was the inquiry. "Why he said," replied Smith, with the deepest impression of resentment, "he said, 'you lie!'" "And what did you reply?" "I said 'you are a son of a—'" On such terms did these two moralists meet and part; and such was the classical dialogue between two great teachers of philosophy.

Walter Scott. From Croker's Boswell's Johnson.

From the Boston Evening Transcript

In the olden times, when it was a custom in many parts of New-England to sing the psalms and hymns by "deaconing" them, as it was called, that was, by the deacon's reading each line previous to its being sung, one of these church dignitaries rose, and after looking at his book some time, and making several attempts to spell the words, apologized for the difficulty he experienced in reading, by observing,

"My eyes indeed are very blind."

The choir, who had been impatiently waiting for a whole line, thinking this to be the first of a common metre hymn, immediately sang it. The good deacon exclaimed, with emphasis,

"I cannot see at all!"

This, of course, they also sung, when the astonished pillar of the church cried out,

"I really believe you are bewitched."

Response by the choir, "I really believe you are bewitched."—Deacon:

"The deuce is in you all!"

The choir finished the verse by echoing the last line, and the deacon sat down in despair.

FEASTING IN LENT.
Excuse for Feasting at the Mansion House on a Friday in Lent.

Blame me not, to the Egyptian Hall if driven;
Nor say the sin to Heaven I should repent;

At any season when adigner's given,

Would it be rational to say—"tis LENT?

A student in Grammar, not considered the smartest, was asked by a lawyer, who wanted to joke, to tell the difference between the words *likewise* and *also*. Why, says the lawyer, your neighbor (naming him) is a lawyer and *likewise* an honest man; *also* you are a lawyer, but not *likewise*. The querist not liking much an illustration of the grammatical distinction, sneered off.

(Continued from page 32.)

The funeral echo of the simple monosyllable "Remember!" vibrated like the knell of death on the spirit of its auditor. There was not a particle of doubt in his mind, that he had been dealing with the inhabitants of the invisible world. Naturally prone to superstition, his prejudices or his fears always obtained mastery over his judgment. The slightest and most ambiguous circumstances, therefore, were often to him a source of the firmest conviction.

He was consequently not slow in performing the promise which he had so solemnly made to his supposed supernatural visitors. After hastily dressing himself, he called his servant, who slept in an apartment contiguous to his own. To him he briefly related, with trembling accents, the disagreeable visit which a pack of bollocking fiends and devils had paid him, and encapsulated the ill-treatment he had received at their hands, adducing his nose in confirmation of some of the facts. And surely it afforded proof abundant—and perhaps too much, for the equanimity of its possessor, who certainly wished, for its sake at least, that it had afforded less—it being dreadfully excoriated, and so cruelly distorted, that it looked like everything in the world but a nose. After getting through the history of his sufferings—and it really was the shortest he ever told before—he cast a most woful squint at the bed, which he had dyed at the shortest notice with the crimson "outpourings" of his nostrils, as if to say to his attendant, "Ecce Signum alatum!"

He then ordered his servant to make preparations for instant departure, while he himself sat writing the Baron a letter. In it he recounted to his host, with all proper and laudable exaggeration, the awful occurrences of the night; informing him against the "horrible demons"—whose numbers he thought fit to amplify to three hundred—that had come into his apartment over night, without asking leave, and after playing him a parcel of ugly tricks on his preboscis, had exacted a promise of him to relinquish Adeline, &c.

Having signed this epistle with his proper name, not forgetting the honorary title of "Grosnas," which in English means "Bignose"—he left it for the Baron. And, without taking the trouble to bid any one adieu, he set out for home, which he soon after reached. We shall leave him there for the present, safely housed, and see what is going on at the castle.

Morn came. Thua'estruck as the Baron was, at hearing of the sudden departure of Schleppel, he was still more so, when, on reading his letter he learnt what had happened to him the preceding night. Considering the Count to be a man of veracity as well as courage, he believed every iota of his statement. Yet, as he felt himself warranted by the assertions of the latter, in believing that Heaven had intervened to prevent the proposed match, he in fact felt but little chagrin at its dissolution.

Meanwhile, Ludwig hastened to impart the joyful tidings of his success to his beloved Adeline, who was transported with the intelligence. While congratulating each other on their good fortune, the Baron unexpectedly made his appearance, with surprise and dismay depicted on his countenance. In a faltering tone, he related to the lovers the last night's doings. Ludwig heard him through with a command of feature, that was truly admirable; then, falling on his knees and counterfeiting the utmost astonishment, he exclaimed:—

"Thank heaven! my Adeline has been torn from the arms of a monster!"

"What do I hear?" cried the Baron, "your Adeline? How is this?"

The maiden blushed, and the hues of the vermillion mounted to her cheek. She was silent—but it was a silence that would have put to shame the eloquence of a Demosthenes or a Tully. Her father guessed all.

His unilluminated mind, deeply tinged with the superstitious spirit of the times, was much perturbed with the events of the night—and his conscience, too, grown perhaps less callous to the stings of remorse, and more sensitive to the calls of duty, secretly reproached him for attempting to bind a lovely child, with the fetters of matrimony, to a being whom she detested—therby blighting her prospects here, and endangering her happiness hereafter. He was touched with shame at the reflection—and for the first time in his life, he thought, and spoke, and acted, with a noble manliness of principle.

"Well," exclaimed he, "be it so, Heaven's will be done. Ludwig, Adeline is yours."

The lovers closed in a long embrace. The tear of ineffable transport that glistened in their eyes—and the fervent, burning kiss, which they impressed upon each other's lips, showed that their affection was not only unquenched, but unquenchable.

The next day witnessed their marriage. Thus were kindred souls united with bonds, which no mortal hand could tear asunder.

A word or two yet of our unlucky Count. He never afterwards came within gunshot of the castle, believing a nearer approach to be fraught with danger. The Baron and his retainers were consequently deprived both of his company and his anecdotes—a loss however, which seemed little to affect their peace of mind. His nasal organ looked as promising as ever,—centuries and scarifications excepted. It cost him a considerable sum to get it replaced in "status quo," after the rough handling it met with from the devils, as he called them by way of distinction. 'Tis said, that he intended to bring an action for damages against Old Nick to recover the amount of the doctor's bill of him, as he and his servant had done all the mischief—but that he finally relinquished the idea, because he had no one but himself to prove the facts—being justly apprehensive that his own derisions would not obtain due credit. Some assert, too,—but we cannot vouch for the truth of their statements—that he subsequently resolved not to expose his preboscis to further ill usage, and had therefore got a mahogany case, four feet by two, made expressly for its protection and security!

Never did the Count forget the visit he received from the "three hundred devils." He vowed day after day that he would ever remember their barbarity. So he did—for the subject became a prolific source, from which he coined some of his finest tales, and drew many of his most striking illustrations!

N. R. A report was once very current, that he had resolved to lead a life of "single blessedness" to the mortification of the fair sex. Very probable. Sed quisque in se.

C. F. P.

MEDICINE CHESTS, of assorted sizes, calculated either for travelling, families, or plantations, of new patterns and splendid workmanship, just received and for sale at MARSHALL, C. SLOCUM'S Drug & Chemical Store, 303 Broadway, corner of Duane street, where

numbers he thought fit to amplify to three hundred—that had come into his apartment over night, without asking leave, and after playing him a parcel of ugly tricks on his preboscis, had exacted a promise of him to relinquish Adeline, &c.

Having signed this epistle with his proper name, not forgetting the honorary title of "Grosnas," which in English means "Bignose"—he left it for the Baron. And, without taking the trouble to bid any one adieu, he set out for home, which he soon after reached. We shall leave him there for the present, safely housed, and see what is going on at the castle.

Morn came. Thua'estruck as the Baron was, at hearing of the sudden departure of Schleppel, he was still more so, when, on reading his letter he learnt what had happened to him the preceding night. Considering the Count to be a man of veracity as well as courage, he believed every iota of his statement. Yet, as he felt himself warranted by the assertions of the latter, in believing that Heaven had intervened to prevent the proposed match, he in fact felt but little chagrin at its dissolution.

Meanwhile, Ludwig hastened to impart the joyful tidings of his success to his beloved Adeline, who was transported with the intelligence. While congratulating each other on their good fortune, the Baron unexpectedly made his appearance, with surprise and dismay depicted on his countenance. In a faltering tone, he related to the lovers the last night's doings. Ludwig heard him through with a command of feature, that was truly admirable; then, falling on his knees and counterfeiting the utmost astonishment, he exclaimed:—

"Thank heaven! my Adeline has been torn from the arms of a monster!"

"What do I hear?" cried the Baron, "your Adeline? How is this?"

The maiden blushed, and the hues of the vermillion mounted to her cheek. She was silent—but it was a silence that would have put to shame the eloquence of a Demosthenes or a Tully. Her father guessed all.

His unilluminated mind, deeply tinged with the superstitious spirit of the times, was much perturbed with the events of the night—and his conscience, too, grown perhaps less callous to the stings of remorse, and more sensitive to the calls of duty, secretly reproached him for attempting to bind a lovely child, with the fetters of matrimony, to a being whom she detested—therby blighting her prospects here, and endangering her happiness hereafter. He was touched with shame at the reflection—and for the first time in his life, he thought, and spoke, and acted, with a noble manliness of principle.

"Well," exclaimed he, "be it so, Heaven's will be done. Ludwig, Adeline is yours."

The lovers closed in a long embrace. The tear of ineffable transport that glistened in their eyes—and the fervent, burning kiss, which they impressed upon each other's lips, showed that their affection was not only unquenched, but unquenchable.

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C. F. P.

PENMANSHIP. The subscriber respectfully acquaints the citizens of New-York, that he has returned and will resume teaching on the first Monday in September. Hours of tuition from 1 to 6 P. M.

E. GIDNEY, DENTIST,

HAVING occasion to visit Europe, feels a pleasure in recommending to his friends and patients as his successor, Mr. J. A. PLEASANTS. From the advantages of having been the assistant of Mr. Eleazer Parry, and the favorable recommendation of that gentleman, I speak with the greatest confidence of his qualifications as a Dentist.

E. GIDNEY.

Mr. Pleasants continues in the same room, No. 26 Park Place.

SUPERIOR SEIDLITZ AND SODA POWDERS.

THE exact proportions and excellent quality of the ingredients in these Powders, and the neat and durable manner in which they are put up, removes the cause for disguising them with foreign labels and stamps. The subscriber feels disposed that their reputation should stand upon their merits; and if they are not as good as ever were offered for sale, he hopes his present extensive sale may not be increased. Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, at No. 20 Fulton and 56 Division streets, by Dr. L. S. COMSTOCK.

Sept. 3, 1831.

PERFUMERY AND FANCY ARTICLES,

257 HUDSON-STREET,
One door above Charlton-street.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has opened a store at the above place, where he intends keeping a general assortment of Perfumery, Fancy Articles and Stationary.

W. APPLEGATE,

257 Hudson-street.
W. A. continues his Printing-Office at the same place.

Sept. 3, 1831.

New-York.

GREENWICH BATH.

No. 337 Hudson-street.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs the public that he has erected a commodious building, No. 337 Hudson-street, near Greenwich Village, for a BATHING HOUSE, where they can be accommodated with

Warm, Cold, and Shower Baths,

at reduced prices.

The above building is divided into two separate and distinct apartments, one for Gentlemen, and the other for Ladies, with separate entrances. Between the apartments is a large space for the pipes which convey the water into the Bath Rooms, and render them entirely incapable of any interference whatever. There are two parlors in front; one is handsomely fitted up for Ladies, for whose special purpose a female attendant will be provided. The whole embracing every necessary convenience to be met with at any other establishment of the kind in this city.

Bathing is a luxury highly recommended by our first physicians as especially conducive to health; and in order that those in moderate circumstances may avail themselves of its beneficial effects, the prices are put at the following low rates, viz.

For a single Ticket,	\$0.25
eight da.	1.50
forty da.	5.00
100 da. viz. 40 gentle.	10.00

Persons living in the lower part of the city, by taking a seat in the Greenwich Stage, will be brought to the door, and charged for a single stage ticket only eight cents. A stage will leave the Bath ev. & five minutes.

Having spared no pains or expense in fitting and preparing every convenience necessary for a respectable establishment, he hopes, by strict attention, to merit a share of public patronage.

WILLIAM M. THORP.

Sept. 3, 1831.

NEW YORK.

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